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PROCEEDINGS AT THE APRIL TERM OF CIVIL COURT.

Many Cases Were Tried And Court Ended Yesterday.

GOODRICH GETS YEAR SENTENCE.

Maud Taylor, "The Woman in Black," Gets Penitentiary Sentence of 18 Months—Bradford City Wins Case Against William Bovaird, Jr.—Other Cases.

The April term of Civil court convened at the court house in this borough Monday afternoon, Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. While many important cases were tried the attendance was rather light.

The first case to be tried was that of Major Goodrich, the Bradford young man who has been a defendant in many cases, who plead guilty to the charge of forgery. The judge sentenced him to solitary confinement, at hard labor, in the Western penitentiary, for a period of not less than one year and not more than five years, the term to date from Tuesday.

Maud Taylor, the "woman in black" who was arrested for looting Bradford houses, some weeks ago, also appeared before the judge and plead ed guilty to two indictments against her charging larceny. She was sentenced on the first indictment to the Western penitentiary for a period not less than nine months and not more than three years. On the second indictment she was given a like sentence the same to be effective after the expiration of the first term. Goodrich and the Taylor woman, in addition, were fined in the sum of $50 each and the costs were placed upon them. Maud Taylor admitted that she was 36 years old and that the greater part of her career, since she reached the age of womanhood, had been passed in prison.

Other Cases.

Merle Snyder charged with taking $50 in cash from E. L. Day, of Westline, admitted his guilt, but claimed to have been intoxicated at the time of the theft. He was given a chance on suspended sentence, and is to report every two weeks to William Bullington of Westline, appointed as special probation officer in this case.

The case of Lavitz vs. the Dupont Powder company was continued owing to the inability of the defense to have an important witness in court at this time.

Divorce proceedings were begun today by Grace Cowles of Bradford against her husband Calvin Cowles.

Margaret Houghton is suing her husband Fred E. Houghton of Port Allegany, for divorce.

Charles Vaughan of Aldred is starting an action in divorce against his wife Anna.

The case of William Chambers against Corydon township, which has been in the courts since 1900 and has gone through many phases of legal procedure, was today disposed of, a decision favorable to the township being rendered.

In court Tuesday William Bovaird, Jr., former city treasurer of Bradford, who had sued the city for clerk hire, lost his suit. Judge Bouton gave the jury binding instructions to find a verdict in favor of the municipality.

In an ejectment case in which E. W. Letson and E. S. Letson brought suit against W. S. Sikes and O. Y. Sikes, the verdict was in favor of the defendants.

Mahla Walker, who had sued the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. to recover $102, insurance on the life of her deceased husband, lost the suit, the judge instructing the jury to return a verdict in favor of the defendant company. It appears that premiums had been in arrears and that the contract of the parties exempted the corporation from paying on that account. Another factor in the case, according to Prothonotary Starsky, was that T. B. Wilson, Esq., was counsel for the defense.

In a Duke Centre labor case J. C. Poter was given a verdict, requiring H. P. Breese to pay him $77.

In case of P. Mulqueen vs. The General Accident, Fire and Life Assurance Corporation (Limited) come up for trial. The assurance company with the long name, had insured the plaintiff, but for reasons of its own had failed to pay. This was a bit of assurance not relished by the Bradford hotel man, and the suit followed.

This case was settled Wednesday out of court, the plaintiff accepting an amount agreed upon.

The case of Kerwin & Co. vs. H. B. Rosenfield resulted in favor of the defendants.

Ora S. Burdick yesterday began an action in divorce against her husband, Elmer Lynn Burdick.

Several cases in which Hon. W. E. Burdick was counsel were postponed owing to an attack of grip from which the popular attorney has been suffering.

The jurors have been allowed to go to their homes and business of the term is at an end.

Major Goodrich and Maud Taylor were taken to the Western penitentiary at Allegheny this morning.

HE BEAT HIS WIFE.

A Coleville Man Was Discharged at Hearing Before Justice Gleason.

Shortly after the first of April a woman residing in Coleville came to Smethport and appeared before Justice Gleason and made information against her husband for assault and battery.

The woman stated that on April 1 her spouse had implanted sundry high and artistic color effects on her countenance, principally in the vicinity of her eyes. After playing his little April fool joke the husband left for parts unknown.

One day last week Justice Gleason received a return visit from the lady in question, who, on this occasion was accompanied by a gentleman escort.

The lady introduced the man as her truculent better half and explained that "he had come a sneakin' back like a dawg," and furthermore that she had forgiven him for beating her up and running away.

The justice was so touched by the beautiful spirit of forgiveness shown that, after the necessary formalities discharged the man and the happy couple went their way rejoicing.

FIRE AT EAST SMETHPORT.

The Union Church Was Damaged Some Sunday.

About 12:30 Sunday afternoon the Union church at East Smethport was discovered to be on fire. An alarm was given by means of the whistle at the chemical works and a large number of the residents responded to the alarm and a bucket brigade was soon formed. Although the fire had got considerable start it was extinguished by some good work on the part of the fire fighters.

The blaze, which was discovered shortly after services had let out, started in the heating apparatus in the basement of the church. The fire burst out through a basement window on the west side of the building and burned considerable under the floor and on the outside of the structure before being extinguished.

The damage done was small and the loss is covered by insurance.

His Annual Dissipation.

Uncle George Burdick came over from Kane yesterday and spent a portion of the day with Mt. Jewett friends. Uncle George was enroute for the old farm at Norwich on the headwaters of Potato Creek, where he was anxious to arrive this (Friday) morning, April 15th; this being the first day of the legal trout fishing season.

Uncle George is an honest and game sportsman, and while it would be impossible to induce him to cast a line one minute before the season opens legally, on that day he's ever ready to hie him away to the deep recesses of the greenwood, where in the cool, clear waters of the rippling brook lie the trout, the most wary and gamiest scrapper of all the finny tribe.

Uncle George is no novice in the art, however, as he remarked to the Herald man: "Sunday will be my ninetieth birthday, and I want to catch a big one in time for my birthday dinner." And sure he will.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for the Miner.

DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE WOMAN.

Mrs. John O. Dodge Passes Away Tuesday After an Illness of Some Time.

The death of Mrs. John O. Dodge occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Sherburne, at the Wright House on Tuesday morning about half past nine. Mrs. Dodge had been ill for a number of weeks and it was not expected by the family that she could ever regain her health. For the past two or three weeks she had been failing more rapidly and it was apparent that the end was not very far away. Since last Saturday afternoon she had been worse than at any time before and she continued to grow weaker through Sunday and Monday and until the release came Tuesday morning.

Miranda Lane was born in Stillwater, Maine, on the 13th of March, 1848. Her family was among the pioneers of that state. When she was just past twenty years of age she was married on the 3rd of May, 1868, to Mr. John O. Dodge in Oldtown, Maine. Five years later the family moved to New Hampshire in 1873. After a residence here of some seven years they moved to Pennsylvania and settled near Smethport in 1880. Since this time they have lived in this vicinity.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Anna who died when about nineteen months of age and Jennie who married Mr. Frank Sherburne. For some time past, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge lived on their farm east of here but a few months ago they came to live with their daughter, Mrs. Sherburne. Mrs. Dodge was at the time of her death just past sixty-two and she was the last of her father's family. The only other remaining member of the family was C. F. Lane, a brother some years older than herself, but his death occurred about twenty-four hours earlier than hers, on Monday morning at his home in North Jay, Maine.

Mrs. Dodge was a woman of strong individuality and character. Her earlier years were spent in the days when men and women too, labored hard and battled against many hardships but she was always rugged and brave and did whatever her hand found to do. Her father's family were all Methodists and she became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at an early age and before her marriage. During the thirty years that Mrs. Dodge has lived in this vicinity she has made many friends and has won the regard of all who have known her. The many friends extend their sympathies to the bereaved husband and daughter and to the other members of the family. The funeral services were held from the house this afternoon at half past two o'clock in charge of the Rev. W. A. Harris and the burial was in Rose Hill Cemetery.

With hearts saddened beyond expression. We announce that on Tuesday, April 19, there passed away Mrs. John O. Dodge. Fidelity to duty, industry, originality and sagacity marked her work. She ever held the confidence and esteem of her home and friends. Supremely successful; she took rank with the best and always be pointed out as an example for young women to emulate. A loving wife and mother. A true friend. A woman of honesty and worth her memory is an inspiration and well ever cherished, and her sorrowing family will mourn her loss.

So fades a summer cloud away.
So sinks the gale when storms are O'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day.
So dies a wave along the shore.

A Friend.

Commodore Cornelius Dead.

Friday's Kane Republican says: Commodore Cornelius was brought to the Kane Summit Hospital on Tuesday from Bradford, where he underwent a surgical operation, but it was evidently too late, as his ailment was too far advanced and he died last evening.

Deceased was well known in this section, having resided here for some years prior to his removal to Bradford. The Commodore was noted for his smallness of statute and was conspicuous as a drum major on this account.

He is survived by a widow, three children, two by his first wife and one brother and one sister. The latter being Mrs. Perry Walker, of Kane. The remains were taken to Bradford Friday afternoon where the funeral was held.

THE LYCEUM WILL CONTINUE AT OLD STAND.

Prospects Look Bright For This Play House.

OPTION WAS TAKEN LAST MONDAY.

A Well-Known Business Man Expects to Buy the Building and Conduct the Theatre—James Quirk Is the Man With the Option.

The public meeting which was to have been held at the Rose House last Monday night to decide on what was to be done with the Lyceum did not materialize owing to the fact that an option on the property was bought by James Quirk, the well-known restaurant man and musician of this borough, that afternoon.

This promises to be a very satisfactory termination of what has been a perplexing question to the amusement loving people of this borough. Under the personal management of Mr. Quirk the Lyceum would undoubtedly be a paying venture, where it might be otherwise if owned by a stock company or corporation. Mr. Quirk is so situated that he can manage and care for this business with less expense than anyone else and he has the executive ability for managing it as well as any man in this place.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Quirk will close this deal feeling certain that it will be an excellent thing for the town, as well as proving a lucrative business for Mr. Quirk.

I. O. O. F. ANNIVERSARY.

Local Odd Fellows Will Go to Ridgway Accompanied by their Band.

April 26th will be the date of the Elk-McKean Odd Fellows' anniversary celebration. Official reports from all over the association's district, as well as from many places from outside of same, indicate that Ridgway will have the largest crowd ever assembled in the history of the association.

Saturday evening, April 23, Grand Master J. S. Montgomery and Grand Secretary Mackey will be there. Special session (limited) of the Grand lodge for admission of past grands at 7:30, and school of instruction for third degree members at 8 o'clock.

Sunday afternoon, April 24, special religious services in Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. H. A. Ellis, P. G., officiating. Services at 3:30 o'clock. The singing will be conducted by a special chorus of a score or more members of the order.

Tuesday forenoon, April 26th, St. Marys vs. Ridgway ball game. Big parade to move at 2 p. m. and be dismissed at 3 p. m. at the opera house. Public meeting at opera house at 3 p. m. Business meeting of delegates in opera house at 4 p. m.

Baseball game immediately after the 4 o'clock business meeting. Six bands of music are already under contract. Grand ball in the armory in the evening.

The most important event of the day will be the degree work in the opera house in the evening. Doors open for third degree members at 7:30; degree work at 8 o'clock. Initiatory degree by the Ridgway lodge team, and the first degree by the celebrated Tuna Lodge, No. 411, of Bradford. Rebekah degree in I. O. O. F. hall by Clara lodge of Kane.

Smethport lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F., has decided to go to Ridgway and participate in the doings on this day. The local three linkers will be accompanied by the I. O. O. F. band of 18 pieces.

There promises to be a large representation of the local lodge and with their band, which is in fine shape for this engagement, those who gather at the Elk county capital April 26 will know that Smethport is in their midst.

The local delegation will leave this borough at 7:50 via the Kushequa route. At Newton they will take a special train on the B., R. & P., which is to run from Bradford. Returning this train will leave Ridgway about 11 p. m. and will be met at Newton by a special on the Kushequa which will arrive in this borough about 2 a. m.

A large delegation is going from Bradford, which will be accompanied by the Citizens' band of that place.

Boys Wanted.

Boys wanted at the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle Factory. Call at the office at once.

TWO SMALL BOYS LOST.

Edwin Adams, Aged 9 of Lamont, near Kane, and Michael Steffan of Ludlow Disappear in Woods.

Kane, Pa., April 18.—Saturday afternoon, Edwin, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Adams, of Lamont station, five miles south of Kane, disappeared and at an early hour this morning no trace of the boy had been found.

In company with three other boys, Arthur Mahoney, Arthur Williams and Orville Young, Edwin went to a small stream about a mile and a quarter from the settlement of Lamont station to fish. The stream is a private one and when the lads saw a strange man approaching, the scattered into the woods, fearing that he was a game warden. Edwin's companions ran to the town where the waited in vain for his appearance. The stream which the boys had visited traverses deep woods and the three boys, fearing that Edwin had become lost in the forest gave the alarm and late in the afternoon a searching party was organized. The men remained in the woods all night, but could not find a trace of the missing boy.

On Sunday morning the whole neighborhood was alarmed and a general and exhaustive search was made. Men and boys walked through the forest for miles. They kept about 50 feet apart and continually shouted the lad's name. All through the day this search continued and at night the party straggled into town without a scrap of information to cheer the frantic parents of the missing lad.

Late in the afternoon another searching party, accompanied by bloodhounds which had been sent from Jamestown tried to pick up the boy's trail, but the dogs were unable to find it. Larger parties have gone into the woods and the search continued on a larger scale. Many men from Kane have gone to Lamont Station to aid in the quest of the missing boy.

When Edwin left home all he wore was a thin shirt, a pair of trousers, cap and sandals. If the boy had to sleep in the woods during Saturday and Sunday nights, he must have suffered severely from exposure.

Efforts have been made to establish the identity of the man whom the boys supposed was a fish warden. It is impossible to locate him and the fact has led many to believe that Edwin was kidnapped and that the supposed warden is his abductor.

Saturday afternoon Michael Steffan, a seven-year-old boy of Ludlow, left his home to go fishing and did not return. Monday a message was received in Kane asking if the bloodhounds used in hunting the lost Adams boy could not be sent to that place later. The lad was with two other boys and had in some way become separated from them. He was apparently lost in the same manner as the Adams boy.

The Kellor Bros. of Wetmore and the James Bros. of Kane, manufacturers who employ a large number of men, put their employes in the search.

Mr. Weeks of Jamestown, the owner of the bloodhounds, abandoned the search Tuesday and took his dogs home.

These dogs got the trail of the Adams boy and followed it a short distance to a spring where it was lost, which would seem to indicate that the boy was picked up and carried away.

Hundreds of men have thoroughly searched the woods within a radius of ten miles but with no result and at a mass meeting in Kane Tuesday night several hundreds of men and boys volunteered to assist in the search.

It is said that the Adams boy's companions do not appear to be telling all they know about his disappearance. One of the boys was fourteen years of age and it is thought that he should be able to give a more comprehensive account. State Constabulary from Punxsutawney have been summoned to the scene to assist in the search.

Harry Arrowsmith, aged 24 years has disappeared from the home of his parents at Corydon, Pa., and all trace of him has been lost. It has been suggested that young Arrowsmith might have been the strange man who frightened the boys in the woods. It is but a short distance across the country from Corydon, Pa., to Lamont Station. Harry Arrowsmith is said to have been peculiar in many respects in his mental make-up.

It is reported that the Corydon man wandered away from home while mentally unbalanced and it is possible that the boy fell into his hands.

Mr. Arrowsmith, father of the missing young man, has furnished a description of him which is in the hands of the authorities.

There was a report that Arrowsmith had been seen near Limestone, N. Y.

County Detective Jones of this borough who is working on the case, has interviewed the lads who were fishing with the Adams boy, and the description given by them of the mysterious man who frightened them on the occasion of young Adams' disappearance tallied exactly with that of the missing Harry Arrowsmith of Corydon.

A small boy was seen on a Pennsylvania train on Saturday last en route to Olean. The little fellow seemed in great distress and it was thought that his lad might have been young Adams. Upon investigation it was learned that the boy was younger than the Adams boy. However, he may have been the Ludlow youngster and ther will be further inquiries in Olean.

FOUR MEN KILLED ON NARROW GUAGE.

B. & O. Engine Jumped The Track Near Kane.

The Kane Republican of Monday says: While returning from Sheffield Junction, sixteen miles from Kane, after assisting the Kane local to that place a B. and O. engine jumped the track near Shippenville, and in the smash up four lives were snuffed out. From the condition of the dead bodies it cannot be determined if the men died instantly or laid part of the night in agony before they died from loss of blood or from scalds that cooked parts of their flesh.

Boys walking along the Foxburg and Kane narrow guage division near the point of the accident yesterday morning, saw a locomotive lying on its side smoking in a field near the track and investigating, found four dead bodies, mangled, burned and scalded, lying about the broken machinery. Farther up the track they [illegible] where the locomotive during the night, had left the rails and torn down a 30 foot embankment.

The boys, scarcely believing they had made the first discovery of a fatal wreck immediately reported to Operator A. R. Hepler, of Shippenville. Officials immediately sent a wrecking crew to the scene and the dead were removed later. They are:

Thomas Kelly, engineer, aged 35, married, East Foxburg.

Chris Watson, aged 32, married, Foxburg.

Albinus Newland, [illegible] man, [illegible] single, Foxburg.

James Dennison, aged 26, single Lucinda, Clarion county.

The bodies of the engineer and fireman were placed in charge of an undertaker at St. Petersburg, while the bodies of Newland and Dennison were taken to Lucinda.

No one heard the accident or knows the cause. There is no night operator at the Shippenville telegraph office, and the movement of trains at night, for many miles, is unnoticed. The engine had pushed the Kane local to Sheffield Junction and was returning about [illegible] Saturday night, when it left the track. Officials of the road, evidently thinking the engine was safe at the Foxburg terminal, did not know of the wreck and perhaps would not have learned of it until to-day had not the boys made the discovery.

Dennison and Newland were friends of the engineman and it is believed that the whole party were riding in the cab and the engine made the plunge so quickly that escape was impossible.

When the engine left the track it rolled down a fifteen foot embankment turning over at least three times and the track was torn up for about twenty feet.

Mr. Kelley and his fireman were well known among the railroad men here and their fate has cast a gloom among their associates. Mr. Newland and Dennison were members of the Knights of Columbus of this place, and a representative of that order left on the morning train for their homes to make the funeral arrangements.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership known as Means Brothers, existnig between Ward B. Means and Alonzo Means, was dissolved by mutual consent on April 11, 1910, Alonzo Means retiring. All debts due the said partnership are to be paid, and those due from the same, discharged, at No. 111 West Main Street, Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said Ward B. Means in his own name.

W. B. MEANS,
A. L. MEANS.

Try the celebrated Ridgway Ice Cream at Quirk's Restaurant.

BAGGING A BIG TIGER

The Jungle Monarch Was Trapped Lolling In His Bath.

A FEAT OF MARKSMANSHIP.

Only the Brute's Head Showed Above the Water, and the Well Placed Bullet, Fired From an Elephant, Entered the Nostril and Broke His Neck.

An interesting account of a tiger hunt is given by one who had a wide experience in hunting this most dangerous of beasts. Mounted upon elephants, the writer and his companions had been beating the jungle without making a find until, as they were about to give up the search, a sudden disturbance among the elephants appeared to betoken a tiger near at hand. Giving directions to the others as to the order of marching their elephants, the writer ordered his mahout to turn into the thick feathered foliage to the left in search of a pool of water which he remembered to be there.

There was a slight descent to a long but narrow hollow about fifty or sixty yards wide. This was filled with clear water for an unknown length.

I was just about to make a remark when, instead of speaking, I gently grasped the mahout by the head as I leaned over the howdah and by this signal stopped the elephant.

There was a remarkable sight. About 120 yards distant on my right the head and neck of a large tiger, clean and beautiful, reposed above the surface of the water, while the body was cooling, concealed from view. Here was our friend enjoying his quiet bath, while we had been pounding away up and down the jungles which he had left.

"Fire at him," whispered the mahout, "or you will lose him! He will see us and be off."

"Hold your tongue!" I answered. "He can't see us, for the sun is at our back and is shining in his eyes. See how green they are."

At this moment the tiger quietly rose from his bath and sat up on end like a dog. I never saw such a sight. His head was beautiful, and the eyes shone like two green electric lights as the sun's rays reflected from them, but his huge body was dripping with muddy water, as he had been reclining upon the alluvial bottom.

For quite a minute the tiger sat up in the same position. At last, as if satisfied that he was in safety and seclusion, he once more lay down with only the head and neck exposed above the surface.

"Back the elephant gently, but do not turn suddenly," I whispered. Immediately the elephant backed through the feathery tamarisk without the slightest sound, and we found ourselves outside the jungle. We could breathe freely.

"Go on now, quite gently till I press your head; then turn to the right, descending through the tamarisk till I again touch your turban."

I counted the elephant's paces as she moved softly parallel with the jungle until I felt sure of my distance. A slight pressure upon the mahout's head and the elephant turned to the right. The waving plumes of the dark green tamarisk divided as we gently moved forward, and in another moment we stopped. There was the tiger in the same position, exactly facing me, but now about seventy-five paces distant.

"Keep the elephant quite steady," I whispered, and, sitting down upon the howdah seat, I took a rest with the rifle upon the front bar of the gun rack. A piece of tamarisk kept waving in the wind just in front of the rifle beyond my reach. The mahout leaned forward and gently bent it down. Now all was clear. The tiger's eyes were like green glass. The elephant for a moment stood like stone. I touched the trigger.

There was no response to the loud report of six drams of powder from the "five-seven-seven" rifle, no splash in the unbroken surface of the water. The tiger's head was still there, but in a different attitude, one-half below the surface and only one cheek and one large eye still glittering like an emerald above.

Upon examination it proved that there was no hole whatever in that tiger, the bullet having entered the nostril, broken the neck and run along the body. The animal consequently had never moved.

This tiger when laid out straight, but without being pulled to increase its length, measured exactly nine feet and eight inches from nose to tail.—Youth's Companion.

His Last Request.

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless curacao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire when the most impressive of the three stepped back and said: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

In Perfect Accord.

Some years ago there came to an American city a delightful German, Herr von Blitz, who intended to support himself by giving lessons in his native tongue. When he had been here several months and had secured a moderate number of pupils he went one day to the mother of one of them and to her great surprise asked for her daughter's hand in marriage.

"But, my dear sir," said she, "my daughter has no fortune."

The suitor smiled upon her in an expansive generosity.

"Me, too," said he reassuringly.

"And, although we are not rich, we have thus far been able to give her every comfort. She is indeed used to luxury."

"Me, too," was the smiling rejoinder.

"But, Herr von Blitz, she will never be able to manage affairs."

"Me, too," rejoiced the lover.

"And I feel obliged to tell you that my daughter has a very high temper."

"Me too—me too."

That was enough. The mother retired from the contest, and the professor won his suit.

Quick Justice at Ascot.

Not only the horses, but the powers of the law, says the London Chronicle, are swift at Ascot, for the course has a special tribunal for the punishment of evildoers. No sooner is the pickpocket, welsher or ticket snatcher arrested than he is standing in a little room in the royal stand, where the evidence is heard and the verdict and sentence pronounced before the offender fully realizes that he is caught. Nowhere else does punishment so swiftly follow crime as at this court, which is decreed by clause 31 of the indictable offenses act of 1848. This race course tribunal arose curiously in the eighteenth century from an assault upon a royal personage. In his indignation at the impossibility of instant punishment of the assailant he ordered that in future a magistrate should always attend the royal race meeting. This has ever since been done, and by the above mentioned act the chief magistrate of Bow street was constituted ex officio a justice of the peace of the county of Berks in order to enable him to hold this court at Ascot.

Natural Age of Man.

The question as to what is the natural age of man is by no means settled, of course, but many are of the opinion that the Frenchman Flourens was not far out of the way in his estimate of the time a man should live. Taking his observations from the great mammalia, of the class vertebrata, [illegible] to man, and such species as are permitted to live the full term of their natural life under circumstances not admitting of error, Flourens found that their natural life extended to about five times the period of their lives from birth up to maturity. Applying the rule thus obtained to human life and taking the age at which the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concluded the natural duration of the life of man to be 100 years.—New York American.

The Word "Canvassing."

How "canvassing" got its election significance is one of the unsolved puzzles of etymology. The word appears originally to have meant tossing in a canvas or blanket and thence generally mishandling or assaulting. "I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat," is the Duke of Gloucester's threat to the bishop of Winchester in "King Henry VI." The next stage of meaning was that of destructive criticism, from which to thorough discussion—"canvassing" a subject—was simple enough. But how exactly did it arrive at the election sense? Dr. Johnson explained that the term meant "trying votes previously to the decision" and derived it from "canvas," as it signifies "a sieve." The Oxford Dictionary, however, is unable to find this use of the word.

Jerusalem.

Old Uncle Jasper was buying a postcard in a New Orleans postoffice when a gentleman approaching the next window had a small parcel weighed and stamped for Jerusalem. On this gentleman's departure Uncle Jasper chuckled and said:

"He was jokin', wasn't he?"

"Not at all," returned the clerk.

"My, oh, my!" cried Uncle Jasper in an awed tone. "Is it possible ye take letters to Jerusalem? I thought it was above!"

Acute Heart Trouble.

"Yes, I remember him," said Alkali Ike. "He died very sudden."

"Heart disease?" asked the eastern tourist.

"Waal, now, I don't know as you kin say it was the heart any more'n the club, spade or diamond. Anyway, he dealt hisself four aces."—Philadelphia Press.

One Way.

Gentleman (hiring a valet)—Then I understand you have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair off and on? Applicant—Off, sir, but never on.—Boston Standard.

Hardly.

Hewitt—You should make hay while the sun shines. Jewett—I can't if I stick to my business of making umbrellas.—New York Press.

Guiltless.

Barber—Hair getting thin, sir. Ever tried our hair preparation, sir? Customer—No, I can't blame it on that.—Boston Transcript.

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth which we should have known.—Ruskin.

A TIMELESS WORLD.

What Would Happen if We Were Entirely Inclosed by Clouds.

If astronomers are right in ascribing the wonderful brightness of Venus to the existence of an atmosphere continually filled with clouds, then she must be a world without time—at least there can be no measurement of time there such as we have here.

It is because we can see the sun and the stars that we are able to traverse the oceans and run railroad trains across the continents.

Surround our earth with an unbroken shell of clouds and what would become of all our clocks and chronometers? Not a ship could safely cross the sea; not a railroad would be able to run its trains without a series of frightful wrecks. In a few weeks every clock and watch would be hopelessly wrong and all exact timekeeping would cease.

Probably there are few who stop to think of the way in which our everyday life depends upon astronomical observations. Our great primary timekeeper is the earth rotating on its axis. If we could not see the sun and stars because of clouds we should not know that the earth rotates and there would be no standard to which we could refer our timepieces and by which we could correct them. In fact, we should probably have no timepieces.

There could be no hours and minutes, for they are exact divisions of an ideal day based upon celestial observations which would be impossible to us.

They could not be based upon clocks or other mechanical devices, because the most exquisite chronometer that can be constructed will not keep time indefinitely and must be continually corrected by means of observations of the stars made in the observatories.

There could be no accurate maps of countries or charts of the seas, for such maps and charts can be made only by the aid of astronomical observations.

There could be no parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude, for they, too, are based on celestial observations which would be impossible to us.

We should not know with any certainty where we were upon the earth. We could not measure the distance from New York to London nor from New York to San Francisco.

Poetical minds, moved by the spectacle of Venus in her glory, have drawn brilliant pictures of the delights of life in that radiant world, but there is another side to the question at which we may well shrink as we gaze admiringly upon her serene splendor.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

The "Arabian Nights."

The collection of tales called the "Thousand and One Nights" or the "Arabian Nights" is of unknown date and authorship. It was first made known in Europe about the end of the seventeenth century by Antoine Galland, who was employed by Colbert to collect manuscripts in the east. The copy of the Arabic manuscript brought by Galland from Syria contained a marginal note dated 1592, and from internal evidence the middle of the fifteenth century has been fixed upon as the probable period of the composition of the work. Some of the tales were evidently borrowed by the writer from other authors, and Von Hammer identifies at least the plot and some of the stories of the "Arabian Nights" with an earlier collection in Persian called the "Thousand Fanciful Stories."

April Fooling.

The origin of the custom of April fooling cannot be traced with any degree of certainty. In the literature of the last century there are found many references to it, and yet beyond that it is scarcely possible to go. One suggestion is that the custom of playing tricks on the first day of April was derived from some ancient pagan custom, such as the Huli festival among the Hindoos or the Roman feast of the fools. One fact, however, we do know, and that is that the practice prevails in many countries under various names which would seem to indicate that it dates away back to the early history of the race.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Four Extremes.

The coldest place on earth inhabited by man is Verkhoyansk, above the arctic circle, in northeastern Siberia. The thermometer there drops to 90 degrees below zero in January, but sometimes rises to 86 degrees above zero in the shade in July, dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The hottest place in the world is the interior of the great Sahara desert, in Africa, where the thermometer rises to 122 degrees. The wettest place is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the mean annual rainfall is 260 inches. The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

All For Love.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

A Cruel Hint.

Nell—Harry had such a masterful way about his proposing that I liked it. Belle—Did you? That's queer, for it was exactly what made most of us other girls turn him down.—Baltimore American.

Live as though life was earnest and life will be so.—Owen Meredith.

THE EYE OF AN ARTIST.

A Case Where It Was More Reliable Than a Sailor's Optic.

Mr. N. Chevalier, the well known artist who accompanied the late Duke of Edinburgh on many of his travels, was once going from Dunedin to Lyttelton, New Zealand, by steamer. Anxious to catch the earliest glimpse of the coast, he went on deck at dawn and was alarmed to see that the vessel was heading straight on to the land. Calling the officer's attention to the fact, he was told that it was only a fog bank. The artist maintained his point, but the second officer looked and confirmed his mate.

The artist then said, "Well, gentlemen, I will back my artist's eye against your sailor's eye, and I say that what you mistake for a fog bank is a low range of hills, and there is a range of mountains appearing above them."

But he was only laughed at until the captain, coming on deck, found in the growing light that the artist was right and the seamen wrong. The vessel was out of its course, and there was only just time to avert disaster. The helmsman was dismissed in disgrace and the course given to a new steersman, but the vessel's head still pointed landward—the compass was all wrong.

The cause was discovered later. A commercial traveler had brought a box of magnets on board and deposited them in a stern cabin, causing what might have been a fatal deflection of the compass.

To return to the question of interpretation, the artist was dealing with the appearances which his eye was trained to see and his mind to interpret. A speck on the horizon might have remained a mere speck to him long after the sailors had interpreted the speck into a vessel of definite rig. There can be little doubt that the trained eye is accompanied by a sort of mental seeing—an instinct outrunning optics.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Josh Billings' Parting Shot to a Cheeky Drummer.

About Christmas time once the sometime famous Josh Billings, humorist, was on his way to his old home at Lanesboro, Mass. On the train were three traveling men who wanted a game of whist. One of them pointed to unpretentious and unprepossessing Josh and said:

"Let's ask Rube into the game and comb some of the hayseed out of his hair."

"My venerable friend," he said as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old man, "will you join us in a game of whist?"

"Ya-as; we will get there in about three hours," replied Josh, putting his hand to his ear.

"You don't seem to understand," said the young fellow in a louder tone. "We want you to take a hand."

"Ya-as; the stand o' corn has been unusual good this year."

"My friend," the young fellow then yelled, "will you take a hand in a game?"

"Ya-as; I was tellin' Mandy this mornin' how plenty an' how fat the game is this year."

"Oh, you go to the devil!" shouted the young fellow as he took his seat, while the other drummers mercilessly pestered him.

When Lanesboro was reached the old fellow got up, handed one of his Josh Billings cards to each one of the trio and then said to his interlocutor:

"Young man, while you are traveling on your cheek don't get any hayseed on your clothes or the other drummers will take you for a Rube and get you into some game and skin you."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What Bothered Her.

"Some women are very selfish," said a woman speaker at a banquet. "They remind me of the woman who visited a fortune teller.

"'Lady,' said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, 'fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm.'

"'Will he be young?'

"'Yes, young and rich.'

"The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm.

"'But how,' she cried eagerly—'how am I to get rid of my present husband?'"

Goaded.

Saving became a passion with the man and the woman. No privation was too great if so by it they might add to their accumulations. And they labored jointly. The woman's sacrifice was in every respect equal to that of the man.

But when they had amassed $10,000 the man, because he had the power, took the money and purchased with it not the automobile which he had led his faithful wife to expect, but a home. "Brute!" she cried, and when next a mob of suffragettes came that way she joined them. Who could blame her?—Puck.

A Light Eater.

"Look here!" exclaimed the landlady, who had agreed to board and lodge a man at reduced rates. "You told me you were a light eater."

"So I am, ma'am," replied the boarder. "I'm the 'human salamander' at the local music hall. You ought to see me swaller burnin' torches!"—London Scraps.

The best thing with which to feather your nest is cash down.

CRUDE ASTRONOMY.

Russian Peasants Have Queer Ideas of Sun, Moon and Stars.

We have it on no less authority than that of Caesar that the Druids taught their disciples many things about the form and dimensions of the earth and the heavens and a body of doctrines on the motions of the stars. Even death itself was to them an astronomical fact. They held that from this life we pass to take up our abode in one of the heavenly bodies. That they firmly held to this belief is manifest from the fact that they had no objection to lending money to be repaid in the other world. They looked upon the passage of life in much the same way as we regard a journey across the Atlantic.

There is no doubt that even now in various parts of Europe the views of the peasantry as to the heavenly bodies and celestial phenomena have changed but little from those of their predecessors of a thousand years ago. A Russian contributed to the bulletin of the Astronomical Society of France has given the results of his observations on this point extending over ten years. The astronomical lore of the Russian peasantry of the north, center and south is limited to a knowledge of the existence of the sun and moon, of three constellations, of the Milky way, of one planet, of comets, shooting stars and meteors. The sun is to all a mysterious and beneficent being.

The moon, covered with ice and snow, is ever in flight from its brother, the sun. Upon its disk may be seen unmistakably portrayed the murder of Abel by Cain, the latter being done to death by a pitchfork. Chill are the lunar rays, and woe betide the child of man who shall sleep unprotected therefrom! From the horns of the crescent much useful information as to the forthcoming weather may be derived by the learned in such things.

The stars are lamps or candles which are lit and extinguished daily by the Eternal. A shooting star is the soul of one who has just passed away. Comets are heralds of war and famine. No Russian ever forgets that the Napoleonic war followed the great comet of 1811.—Westminster Gazette.

MALIBRAN'S CAPTIVITY.

A Romantic Incident In the Career of the Great Singer.

The following incident is told of Mme. Malibran, whose voice once upon a time excited the most [illegible] to folly.

She was resting in her dressing room at the theater after singing in the part of Desdemona, her passionate soul still quivering with the emotion of the part and the tears and applause of her listeners. A person entered and begged her to go to her mother, who had been taken ill. A carriage, [illegible], was at the door. She was whirled through the streets and led, much to her surprise and fear, into a strange house and to an exceedingly [illegible], large and carpeted with rose colored silk.

Here the beautiful songstress was left alone after being assured by her attendants that her mother was well, that the message was a subterfuge and that her captivity would last until she sang something.

On a low seat sat a lyre such as that which thrilled in Malibran's fingers as she sang Desdemona's touching song.

At first she determined to resist, but after a short time her mind reverted to the evening, and almost unconsciously she took up the instrument and sang the "Romance de Saule." As she concluded sounds of enthusiastic applause and trembling accents of delight came to her through the silk hangings, and she was then conducted by liveried servants to her carriage and to her home.

The next morning she found on her table a casket containing a magnificent pair of earrings, and inside the cover, written in diamonds, was the word "Merci." But the event remained a mystery to her forever.

Retort Filial.

In a warm argument one of the contestants had a poor case, but he defended his position vigorously.

"Oh, yes," the other one chuckled, "you have your defense, but you've lost. Losers always have their defense. Lincoln used to illustrate that with a story about his boy Tad.

"Lincoln and Tad were lunching one day in the White House.

"'Don't eat your fish with your knife, boy,' said Lincoln sternly. 'It's not polite.'

"'But, father,' said Tad, 'is it polite to stare at folks when they're eating?'"

Very True.

A grandmother was reproving her little grandchildren for making so much noise. "Dear me, children, you are so noisy today! Can't you be a little more quiet?"

"Now, grandma, you mustn't scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."—Harper's Weekly.

Why Lulu Was Happy.

Lulu was but two and a half years old when the first huckleberries she had ever seen were placed upon the table in a covered dish. When the cover was taken off she clapped her hands, exclaiming delightedly, "Oh, look at all the shoe buttons!"—Delineator.

Knew Her Limitations.

He—Now that we are married, pet, do you love me enough to cook for me? She—Enough, darling? I love you entirely too much for that.—Boston Transcript.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.

State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.

State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.

Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, H. W. Hilton, Smethport.

District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.

Prothonotary—B. F. Stearsky, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Dunlin, Bradford.

Commissioners' Clerk—A. E. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—M. H. Adelt, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Cary, Coryville.

Coroner—B. B. Sherman, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.

Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Blaver, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.

Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.

Constable—U. H. Foote.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.

Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Assessor—O. H. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. E. Corwin, W. B. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. S. Rubis.

Inspectors of Election—M. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
G. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

K. O. T. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
CARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. [illegible] except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

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The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes man strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

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We are Sole Agents in Smethport, Pa. W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner
Smethport, Thursday, April 21, 1910.

Local and General.

—Read what E. A. Green has to say about feed hay and grain.

—Oscar Engstrom has something to say about groceries this week.

—Cluett shirts and collars are advertised by Fry & Combs this week.

—The water in the fountains on the court house square was turned on Tuesday.

—Dr. J. H. Rasey of Eldred has been appointed census enumerator for Keating township.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The annual election of officers of the Epworth League will be held in the chapel to-morrow evening.

—The Sunday school board of the Methodist Episcopal church will meet in the chapel this evening at eight o'clock.

—Miss Lillian Russell in "The First Night" will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre next Wednesday evening.

—And now Chicago claims the distinction of having the youngest mother in this country. In that city the other day a ten-year-old girl gave birth to a six-pound baby.

—Preaching at the Metodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning at 10:30 and on Sunday evening at 7:30. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. and Epworth League at 6:45.

—The ice cream dispensed at the A. B. Armstrong drug store is made from pure, sweet cream, fresh from the Southern View dairy farm and all utensils are sterilized. Soda served in clean glasses.

—We learn from the Port Allegany Reporter that the public square, which has long been the pride of that town is the propery of he Dalrymple estate and is now offered for sale to the borough for $10,000.

—Teachers' examinations for provisional and professional certificates will be held as follows: Mt. Jewett May 6 and 7, Bennett Road (Bradford) May 13 and 14, Eldred May 20 and 21, Smethport May 27 and 28. Each examination continues two days.

—The meeting supposed to have been held at the Hose House Monday night by the citizens of Smethport to take action to save the Lyceum was called off. It was not thought necessary to take any action on account of a new turn in the playhouse affairs.

—The ladies of the Travellers' Club request the presence of their friends on Saturday afternoon, April 23rd, at three o'clock. Entertainment 15 cents.

—Beatrice Mefick of this borough, who has been undergoing treatment at the Kane hospital for a number of days past is steadily improving in health and is expected to return home soon.

—At a recent meeting of the borough council of Eldred an ordinance was passed which will give the burgess or magistrate power to deal with gamblers in that town, who are brought before them, more severely than the existing State law now permits them. The ordinance also gives the power to arrest without a warrant when necessary.

—On next Saturday afternoon the Socialists of Jefferson, Clearfield and McKean counties will meet in DuBois in the Hay hall for what purpose it is not known, but it is expected that they will launch a candidate into the legislative contests in all of the three counties. The DuBois local is making great preparation for the meeting and several blowouts are planned for the visitors. DuBois will make an endeavor to land the State Socialist convention.

—Mrs. Wm. Hutchings, proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, Olean, has announced that on May 1 that hotel will be closed to the public and the fixtures and furniture of the place will probably be sold at public auction. The building and site has been purchased by the government and the structure will be razed and a postoffice erected in the near future. The building is an old landmark dating back to 1810.

—Buffalo Bill this year starts upon a farewell tour that will continue until 1911. Then the king of the scouts, buffalo killers and Wild West showmen will settle down on his ranch at Cody, Wyoming, get a hair cut and grow old quietly. He will visit Bradford during the coming summer. Hon. W. F. Cody has been in the show business nearly 40 years. His first venture on the road was with Wild Bill, Texas Jack and Ned Buntine. His play was a wildly impossible melodrama, but it gathered in the sheckles. When his outdoor show first exhibited here it was in Goodrich's race track at "Tarport." The Deadwood coach on that occasion had for one of its passengers Charles H. Steiger, a well known local newspaper man who died some years ago. Bill was then a handsome man in his prime. Now he is old, but still handsome.—Bradford Era.

—On Monday of last week, F. J. Lent, professor of the Mt. Jewett schools applied the rod to 14-year-old Fred Riley, a pupil, in such manner that the mother of the lad, Mrs. Ipshen, swore out a warrant for the professor, charging assault and battery. The case was called Tuesday evening before Justice Baggon of Mt. Jewett, when and where Prof. Lent waived a hearing and gave bail in the sum of $100 for his appearance at the next term of court.

—A Kane special of Tuesday says: Racing with death to reach her former home in Philadelphia, Mrs. Leng, who has been living in this city for the past year, for the benefit of her health, started for her home last Saturday accompanied by her four children. The woman seemed to realize that she did not have long to live and was determined to reach her home if possible, before dying. Mrs. Leng was apparently all right when she started, but before the train reached Wilcox, death came to her. The remains were taken to Philadelphia. It was a very pitiful case, especially for the children, but they found kind friends who did all they could to assist them.

Subscribe for The Miner.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for license for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 9, A. D. 1910.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City—First Ward.

T. P. Conneely, Conneely Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic Street, residence same.

A. W. Ergabroat, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 & 21 Mechanic Street, residence same.

J. H. Fox, St. James Hotel, or New St. James Hotel, No. 2 to No. 10 South Avenue, residence same.

R. F. Hamilton, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 36 & 38 Main Street, residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, at Northwest corner of Main and Davis Streets, residence same.

C. E. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 & 86 Main Street, residence same.

P. H. Lavelle, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main Street, residence same.

R. F. McBride, Option House, No. 11 Main Street, residence same.

M. T. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 131 & 133 Main Street, residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 17 & 19 Davis Street, residence same.

P. Mulqueen, Mansion House, Nos. 5 & 7 Mechanic Street, residence same.

Z. J. Pearson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 83 & 85 Main Street, residence same.

Charles D. Rash, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 87 & 89 Main Street, residence No. 105 Davis Street.

A. C. Stegand, Corry House, Nos. 18 & 20 Webster Street, residence same.

John McCaffrey, Oil City House, Nos. 122 & 124 Main Street, residence same.

John [illegible], [illegible], Nos. 11 & 16 Pine Street, residence No. 11 Pine Street.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

Joseph Brendel, Main House, Nos. 15 & 17 W. Washington Street, residence same.

Bradford City—Fifth Ward.

E. A. Hathaway, [illegible] Hotel, Nos. 211 to 213 Main Street, residence same.

Bradford City—Sixth Ward.

Frank D. Rich, Tuna Valley House, No. 613 East Main Street, residence same.

Patrick M. White, American House, No. 641 East Main Street, residence same.

Eldred Borough.

C. C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner Main & Depot Streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Fred Stickman, Central Hotel, No. 70 East side of Main Street, residence Eldred Borough.

Thomas J. Slagle, Gold Eagle Hotel, northeast corner of Depot and Railroad Streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Foster Township.

L. S. Harvey, Rew City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport Road and Plank Road Highway, residence Rew City.

Hamlin Township.

Felix Black, Eckhart House, S. side of Main Street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Clarkson Eddy, Hotel Hazel, N. side cor. Main & Cleveland Ave. of Main Street, Hazelhurst, Pa., residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 & 21 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Grayson C. Craig, Kane House, Nos. 151, 153 & 157 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

[illegible] No. 15 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

P. W. Jordan, Keasley Hotel, No. 129 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel Lamont, Nos. 27, 29, 31, 33 & 35 Fraley Street, residence same.

Moses R. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, Nos. 55 to 57 W. side of Fraley Street, residence same.

W. W. Swalley and Martin R. Grout, Griffin Hotel Nos. 75 & 77 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 & 64 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 & 16 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

C. F. Hurst, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 162, 164, 166 & 168 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Lafayette Township.

Simon E. Cooney, Bradford House, Lewis Run, residence Lewis Run, Pa.

William Foyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg, Pa.

Jas. Mahoney, Buffs House, Mount Alton, cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Rixford, residence Mount Alton, Pa.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House, Lot No. 30 east on Main Street, residence Mt. Jewett Borough.

E. G. Cleveland, Brewer House, S. side of Main Street, residence Mt. Jewett Borough.

E. W. Long, Commercial Hotel, S. side of Main Street, residence Mt. Jewett Borough.

B. D. Thompson, Lolpden House, S. side of Main Street, residence Mt. Jewett Borough.

Otto Township.

Frank Slavin, Duke House, Duke Center, cor. Main & Bradford Streets, residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, The Butler House, S. E. cor. Main & Mill Streets, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Chester S. King, Sartwell House, S. side of Mill Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

P. J. Rogan, Connolly House, Nos. 5 & 7 Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Samuel St. Clair, New St. Clair House, W. side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany borough.

Sergeant Township.

John L. Smith, Bayer House, Clermont, residence Clermont, Pa.

Frederick J. Sildes, Clermont House, Clermont, cor. of Pine Street & Main Highway, residence Clermont, Pa.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, cor. Main and Mechanic Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

M. M. Geary, Hotel Imperial, No. 101 Main Street, residence Smethport Borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, S. side of West Main Street, residence Smethport Borough.

Fred L. McCrary, Cottage House, cor. of Water and Fulton Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

T. H. Purtle, Commercial House, cor. of Main and Franklin Streets, residence Smethport Borough.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Restaurant and Cafe, No. 45 Mechanic Street, residence 156 Pleasant Street.

Hamlin Township.

John Carl Block, Hazelhurst, Pa., cor. of Church and Main Streets, residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

F. C. Hogenmiller, Alpha, No. 22 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Augustus Laubhafer, City Restaurant, W. side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Charles H. Brown, No. 138 Main Strat, residence Bradford City.

Wm. C. Kennedy, Delevan Emery, and Harry M. Wick, executors of the estate of Frank J. Collins, doing business as N. R. Collins & Co., No. 102 Main Street, residence Bradford City.

A. M. Mayer & M. Rolland, doing business as A. Mayer & Co., No. 130 Main Street, residence Bradford City.

J. H. Douglas & H. M. Plague, No. 3 Mechanic Street, residence Bradford City.

Saul Werthman, No. 98 Main Street, residence Bradford City.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Geore W. Berry, No. 138 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

John E. Healy, 72 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lunden, N. side of Main Street, residence Mt. Jewett Borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Dayer, W. side of Pearl Street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H. Hungiville, S. side of Main street in square No. 82, residence Smethport Borough.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

John Monteleone, No. 29 Webster Street, residence Bradford City.

Michael Rich, No. 29 Webster Street, residence Bradford City.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

D. M. Davitt, No. 56 Mechanic Street, residence Bradford City.

Eldred Borough.

E. H. Tanner, Eldred Bottling Works, W. side of Railroad Street opp. Penna. R. R. Depot, residence Eldred Borough.

Hamlin Township.

W. L. Smith, Hazelhurst, Lot No. 10 E. side of [illegible], residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 26 Field Street, residence Kane Borough.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, Wm. Halsey, Pres., [illegible] tary. Nos. 16 to 26 Fourth Street, its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted within fifteen days after the same are granted or they will be void; excepting those granted to sell liquor at retail, shall have until the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license to lift the same.

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 19, 1910.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"
Oranges, Lemons
"SUNKIST"
means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,
Dealer in fine Groceries,
Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR
FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

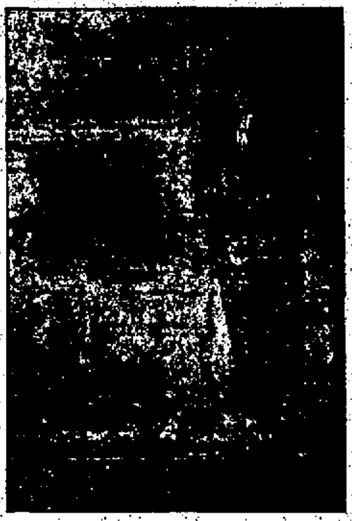
A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE
AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER
AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS
36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
Each department is attractively illustrated



A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION From THE BOYS MAGAZINE.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,
BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW
ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 21, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay,
Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. *Primary Election,* June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

To The Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Congress in the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910. I make this announcement and enter the contest in compliance with the earnest requests of many prominent members of the party in the district and also because I believe that in Congress, if elected, I would be in a position to effectively advocate those principles and measures of good government, which now more than ever, should be embodied in Federal legislation. I believe in clean policies and progressive Roosevelt policies. And to the end that I may serve their best interests, I ask the support of the Republicans of this district.

Lewis Emery, Jr.
Bradford, Pa., March 15, 1910.

For Member of Assembly.

To the Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, June 4, 1910.

Robert F. Habgood.
Bradford, Pa., March 1, 1910.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for member of Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in June.

E. J. Resnor.
Port Allegany, March 1, 1910.

Editor McKean County Miner: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held *June 4th, 1910.*

H. H. Redfield.
Smethport, Pa., April 2nd, 1910.

To the Editor of the Miner: I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910.

[illegible] Bell.
Smethport, Pa., April [illegible], 1910.

Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," probably the most popular American author and humorist, is nearing the end of his long and interesting career at his home in Redding, Conn. Press dispatches this morning state that he cannot live many more hours. He retains his mental faculties and smokes, laughs and jokes and looks upon the inevitable complacently.

Miss Marjorie Gwynne Gould, of New York, probably the most sensible heiress this country has produced for some time, united her destinies last Tuesday in New York with those of Anthony Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, a fine type of American young man, and this in spite of repeated titled offers for her hand. Miss Gould has something worth more than any title, the respect and best wishes of her countrymen.

Very recently there has been some very frank criticism of the manner in which the Associated Charities of Washington "relieves" the necessities of the poor. A prominent merchant made the public assertion that the institution collected $18,000 during the year ending September 30, 1909, and expended $16,000 of it for administrative purposes. "Not one cent in actual money," said he, "was given to the poor of this city by the Associated Charities." The expenses included $11,000 in salaries, $1,260 for rents, $618 for telephones, $684 for postage, $125 for carfares, $1,020 for stationery and printing. "Associated charity" begins at home, evidently.

William Jennings Bryan who arrived in New York on Monday from his South American trip says that he spent nine days in the Canal Zone on his way south, traversing it from one end to the other.

"It is a stupendous enterprise," he declared, with glowing enthusiasm, "probably the greatest in the history of the world. Marvels already have been accomplished there and my study of the work at close range and under excellent auspices, convinced me that it will be completed in the time set, which I believe, is 1915. Not the least surprising feature is the healthfulness of the entire zone. We had our two grand children there for a couple of days and even they did not show the least ill effects of the climate. Their mother, Mrs. Leavitt, took them to Germany from Panama. Why, I didn't even hear the buzz of a mosquito while in Panama."

Lieutenant Governor Robert S. Murphy announced his candidacy for Governor to succeed Edwin S. Stuart, at Pittsburg last Monday and gave out the following statement:

"Believing that the works and policies of the present state administration in Pennsylvania, at whose head is the Hon. Edwin S. Stuart, with whom I am in heartiest accord, meet with the unanimous approval of the people, and that their continuance is sincerely desired, I offer myself in response to the earnest solicitation of friends throughout the state, as a candidate for the office of governor and my name will be presented to the Republican convention which will meet at Harrisburg the coming June.

"If nominated and elected I will endeavor to further the highest interests of the commonwealth in accordance with he tsandards of public service, which have given to the present administration its high measure of success."

END OF THE WORLD OF SIN.

Halley's Comet Fortells Second Coming of Christ Says Pittsburg Preacher.

Monday's Pittsburg Gazette Times says:

"Halley's Comet and Christ's Return," was the subject of Pastor F. A. Wright's sermon last evening at the Fourth Christian church, Sylvania and Estella avenues. The clergyman believes it portends the second coming of Christ and the end of sin and of the world. The pastor discussed the approach of the heavenly visitor, which makes its appearance every 75 years and showed that it has appeared at times epochal in history and its visit had always been considered of great portent and had caused terror in other times to men of all degrees. It appeared when William the Conqueror invaded England, and again when the Turks and the Christians—the east against the west—were struggling for supremacy, a struggle which stimulated the spirit of the west into victory.

"The visit of the comet marks off just 25 human lives in the Christian era," said the pastor, "the mean life of man being 75 years and the comet having made its first appearance in the year 12 B. C. In 1835 was the time of the falling of the stars. This started an investigation into the statement of Christ about the signs of his return to the earth. In 1835 this comet also appeared and only one long generation of 75 years has intervened since.

"The signs started a great movement in the life that has grown, regardless of the mistakes of its advocates, until it holds [illegible] of the most [illegible] scholars in the age, and [illegible] namely, that Christ is soon to return and establish his kingdom in person and reign with his bride, the church, thus producing an era of righteousness.

"Jesus most certainly predicted that signs would be given before his second advent that would indicate his appearance, as the buds indicate the approach of summer. But where so many make a mistake is in supposing that any one of these signs is sufficient by itself. Jesus says: 'When ye see all these things, know ye that He is nigh, even at the doors.' Jesus says that no one knows the day but the Father, but He does not indicate that the generation which sees these things begin will see the end. It is not any one sign; for all ages have had comets, earthquakes, meteoric disturbances and the like, but when there shall be the converging of all these signs at *any* one time, then 'look up,' says Jesus.

"There are many signs, some of the most noted not being physical in their nature. In answering the question: 'When shall be the end of this age?' Jesus says: 'And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then the end shall come.'

"This verse becomes startling when we consider that Pittsburgh recently entertained the great laymen's missionary cry: 'Evangelize the whole world in this generation; we can do it; we will do it.' This slogan being heard in heaven receives the response: 'You do it, and the end will come.' The end of sin, of shadows and death, the end of the Gentile age, as predicted by Paul. And this is another sign as we see the Jews being rapidly gathered to their homeland. The clash of nations is another sign. While this seems afar off, yet the continuance of building Dreadnaughts by the leading nations, forecasts a tremendous final conflict.

"While is it well for us to watch and observe the signs of His coming, yet the great thing Jesus urges, as His servants left in charge of the mighty work of saving men, is that we do not 'bury our talent in the earth.' The great commission: 'Go ye and make disciples of all the nations' is still sounding forth and requires answer. Our best attitude is not star-gazing, but heart-searching and ministering to a needy world that none may be lost. But as we go, we can breathe the prayer of the beloved disciple on Patmos: 'Even so, come Lord Jesus.'"

Potato Machinery.

One Aspinwall planter, one Hoover digger for sale or exchange for good cows.

ATWOOD PUTNAM,
Crosby, Pa.

We Advise Early Buying

IT WILL Pay you to MAKE YOUR PURCHASES EARLY. The assortment is always most complete at the BEGINNING of the season, and in consequence you are more liable to get the CHOICEST OF STYLE AND PATTERN by making your selections as early as possible.

Right now, we are showing the very "pick" of Spring fashions. At no time in the history of this store have we been able to offer our customers an assortment of patterns and fashions which were so decidedly artistic from every point of view. The fabrics, this season, are especially inviting, AND THE STYLES ARE RICH IN DESIGN.

H. W. RUBIN.

Fine Bargains in Small Farms.

50 acres 4 miles from Olean, N. Y. Fine water, good buildings. 2 horses, 2 cows, 42 hens, all farm tools and machinery on farm, for $2,200. $500 cash, easy payments on balance. Possession within 30 days.

50 acres 1-3 mile from Shinglehouse, Pa. Good buildings, fine water. Cash gas rental of $50 a year and free gas for house. Price $4,000. Part cash, time on balance.

50 acres one mile from Weston's Mills, 4½ miles from Olean, N. Y., 1 mile from trolley line. Good buildings, fine water, nice fruit. Price $1,325. Part cash, easy payments for balance.

50 acres on trolley line 1 mile west of Ceres. Lot of fine timber and 100 cords chemical wood. New house and barn; running spring water, fine orchard. 2 cows, 1 yearling 1 2-year-old heifer. Everything for $3,000. $2,000 cash, rest easy.

25 acres on Promise Land road ¼ mile from Weston's Mills, N. Y., and 3-4 mile from trolley lie. Good house, barn, hen and hog houses and work shop. Fine water, good fences, nice orchard. 5 cows, 1 horse, buggy, wagon, harness, farm tools and machinery, for $2,200. $1,400 cash, rest easy.

Send stamp for our April real estate list—just out. Describes 180 money making farms, village properties, businesses, etc.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

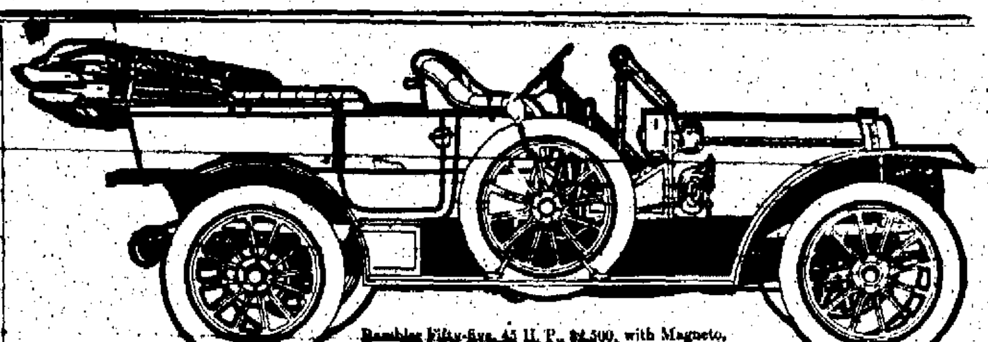
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a registered graduate of the Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle, Pa., and a practicing attorney at Smethport, McKean County, Pa., that he will on or before the 10th day of June, 1910, file his credentials with and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners, to be examined by the said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1910, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

KENNETH MAYO.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration in the Estate of James A. Hall, late of Smethport Borough, McKean County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said Estate and the Estate of Sarah A. Hall will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said Estates will pay same to

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., April 19, 1910.



Rambler Fifty-five, 45 H. P., $2,500, with Magneto, Lamps, Presto-lite Tank and Tools.

The Straight-Line Drive

Power cannot be carried around a corner without great loss due to friction.

In the new Rambler the driving shaft, when the load is in the car, is in direct line with the crank-shaft, and the angle or corner found at one of the universal joints in most other driving systems is eliminated.

Thus it delivers the maximum power, saves energy, prevents wear and reduces cost of up-keep.

THE NEW Rambler

with this feature, combined with the offset crank-shaft, Rambler Spare Wheel, engine accessibility and new expanding clutch, possesses an efficiency quite in keeping with its quality and character.

May we send you a copy of the Rambler Magazine, a publication for Rambler owners?

Mark M. Pomeroy
Port Allegany, Pa.

SPRING IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge.

E. W. STRONG

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Launderer who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best business getter he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, give them High Grade Work, which is essentially attractive to the one who wears it. Our work is the best that can be produced with long experienced and skilled labor.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained at

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. E. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

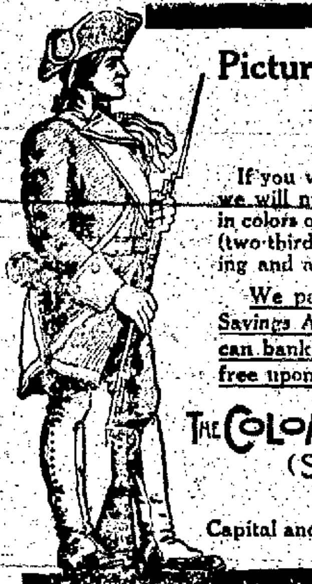
THE DUNBAR AGENCY
VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. ☞ Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. ☞ Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. ☞ Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

☞ Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—
DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.



Picture of President Taft FREE

If you will send two cents in stamps, we will mail you a large reproduction in colors of a painting of President Taft (two-thirds of life size), suitable for framing and attractive for home or office.

We pay 4% Compound Interest on Savings Accounts of any size, and you can bank by mail. Interesting booklet free upon request.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital and Surplus, - 10 Million Dollars.

EVERYTHING THE MARKET AFFORDS

In Fruits Vegetables and Fancy Groceries. Special attention give orders fo Dinner Parties, etc.

F. W. BROWNELL,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

A SAFE FOOD

for little ones is our high grade and delicious loaves of bread. Our bread with butter forms all the necessary food combination in its best form for growing children and for adults. It is muscle building and gives strength and clean blood to those who make it "the staff of life" which it really is when bought at

PICKERGILLS.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO.
Announce
Special Sale of
AMBEROL RECORDS AND ATTACHMENTS
10 four minute records for $1.00. Call and let us explain.
Palace Pharmacy, BURG CHADWICK, M. D. Prop.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINK.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT.

The Lindholm Company,

McCall,s large Magazines for May are ready. Price 5c each.

SILKS.

Hundreds of new Spring and Summer Silks just received.

And are selling at prices that will strengthen our position as leaders in Silk selling.—Plain Silks and fancy Silks in the newest designs at exceptionally low prices. Rough Pongee, Satin Fonlards, Striped Taffetas, imported Shatung and plain Taffetas, in a beautful range of colors.

Don't You Want a Hat.

Have you been through the Millinery Department. Ten minutes spent in it will give you a better idea why we are excelling in millinery than if enough reasons were given to fill all the pages in this paper. Certainly our Customers say enough kind things about our taste in Millineay, our ityles ane our ability to turn out the perfect hat, to make us feel that we have a right at lerst to ask you to step in and see if we can't more than please you. We have hats at all prices to suit every purse.

Dress Ginghams.

Special for Friday and Saturday.

15c Dress ginghams	for	11½c per yard.
25c Dress ginghams	for	21c per yard.

Ladies' Shirt Waists.

$1.00 White Tailored and Lawn Waists	for	.79c
$1.25 " " " " "	for	.99c
$1.50 " " " " "	for	$1.19
$1.75 " " " " "	for	$1.39

RUGS!

Just 8 $25.00 Axminster Rugs—9x15 feet to sell at $19.75, fine rugs, the kind that wear, they come in rich oriental designs. Also some floral effects, full size and a decided bargain at $19.75.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA,

[illegible]

A modern bathroom is a necessity and is considered the most important room in the home. It is therefore essential that it should be equipped with only modern and sanitary fixtures.

The preferred bathroom equipment of all home owners, is the celebrated **"Standard"** Ware which is recognized for its beauty in design, superior quality and durability. It is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be exactly as represented.

We handle **"Standard"** Ware and will be pleased to quote you prices. Write or call and we will give you the illustrated booklet entitled "Modern Home Plumbing."

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 21, 1910.

Local and General.

—There was a rather light attendance at court this week.

—Daly & Garlick have a change of advertisement this week.

—It is always interesting to read what the Lindholm Co. has to say in its advertising space.

—Creighton Burlingame who has been seriously ill for several weeks past is convalescent.

—It is not a kissing match—but Hats that are stylish which Monheimer advertises in his new ad.

—Owing to the strike of the coal miners traffic on the Shawmut railroad is rather slack at the present time.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin is entertaining a large party of lady friends at her home on West Main street at bridge whist. Mrs. Howard E. Merrill is the guest of honor.

—This year's graduating class of the Smethport High School numbers fourteen, the class being composed of seven young ladies and seven young gentlemen. Commencement will be June 7th.

—Wire fence is advertised by W. B. Means in this issue.

—Saturday night dances are being given at Howe's hall, East Smethport.

—Mrs. S. H. Lindsley who has been confined to her home for several weeks past by illness, is convalescent.

—H. W. Rubin has purchased a new E. M. F. automobile. Mr. Rubin and John Saulpaugh drove the car into Smethport from Bradford yesterday.

—A team hitched to a wagon filled with cans of milk ran away while at the Smethport creamery last Friday morning. The cargo of cans and their contents were scattered about the scene of the runaway in great profusion before the team was finally stopped.

—A four-year-old boy named Rickey had the misfortune Monday to fall off the porch of his parents' residence at "Dog-town" and fracture his right wrist. Dr. Ostrander was summoned and reduced the fracture, which was quite a bad one. The lad is recovering nicely from his accident.

—The Annual County Suggestion of the Prohibition party will be held in Bradford on Thursday, April 28th. Clinton N. Howard of Rochester, N. Y., the noted temperance orator and reformer will address a mass meeting in the evening. Doubtless, many from all parts of the county will be glad of this opportunity to hear the "Little Giant."

—Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for a dance at Colevillle to-night.

—The Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, S. T. D., will visit St. Luke's church to administer the rite of confirmation Wednesday evening, April 27th. Service at 8:00 o'clock.

—Accomodations have been secured at the New Hyde House, Ridgway, for McKean lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F. and the Odd Fellows band of this place while they are in Ridgway next Tuesday.

—Turnkey and Mrs. Frank McCarthy left this morning for Pittsburg having in charge Major Goodrich and Maud Taylor, who were sentenced at the term of court this week and who will be placed at the Western penitentiary at Allegheny.

—The May issue of The Boys' Magazine is off the press and is being circulated. This issue consists of 26,000 copies and is replete from cover to cover with excellent reading and fine illustrations. The handsome cover design in colors is by John Cassel.

—Baseball teams are bing organized at the Case Cutlery works and the Smethport Window Glass factory and if the weather is favorable a game will be played between the two teams Saturday afternoon. Some classy ball tossers are included in the line-up of the two teams.

—This section was favored with a considerable fall of snow during the past week. The snow started Tuesday and before the day was done the ground was white with the beautiful. The weather has taken a turn again to-day and from present indications the sun will again get back on the job.

—The members of the Eastern Star an dtheir friends held a dance at the Smethport Lyceum Tuesday evening. About forty couples were present and enjoyed themselves until a late hour. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music, and the luncheon served by Miss Pattison was greatly enjoyed by all.

—A record seldom equalled and never beaten was made for the week ending Wednesday, April 20, by the Smethport borough schools. For that week there was not a single case of tardiness on the part of either pupils or teachers throughout the entire school. The remarkableness of this is appreciated when you consider that the enrollment is [illegible] four hundred and that there is a possibility of each of the four hundred being tardy ten times each week. That would mean more than four thousand chances of [illegible]

—The strangest twins since the days of the celebrated Siamese twins many years ago arrived at San Francisco on the steamer Manchuria from the Orient Monday. The strange pair, Lucio and Simplicio Mendez, boys, two years and one month old, came from the Philippines and will be exhibited throughout the world. The youngsters are joined together by a ligament near the base of their bodies. They are able to stand when, by a slight effort they may both face the same way, but sitting they are back to back. The children are intelligent an dhealthy.

—Mrs. Morton, aged 70 years, was burned to death in a fire which destroyed the home of her son, Edgar Morton, at [illegible], near Kane, last Thursday afternoon. Her charred remains were found in the debris after the fire had burned itself out. The origin of the fire is not known but it is thought that the aged woman's clothing became ignited from the stove and she fell unconscious to the floor, setting fire to the house. The fire was discovered by a neighbor and an alarm given but the flames had gained such headway that entrance to the building was impossible.

—Thomas Riley, a former resident of Bradford came to the city on Saturday and was given lodging in the police station. He was in a dazed condition and was supposed to be recovering from a drinking bout. Yesterday he told the police that he had been injured by being struck by a B. & S. train near Galeton, Pa. Riley said that a man who was with him at the time was killed. He claimed that the accident occurred on Friday. Dr. Page, the city physician, examined Riley and finding that his back had been painfully bruised, sent him to the hospital this morning.—Bradford Star-Record.

—The Odd Fellows band furnished some excellent music on Main street Monday evening. This organization now numbers 18 musicians while more members will be added as time progresses; and the organization has advanced to a stage where it can hold its own among the very best bands in this section of the state. The band goes to Ridgway next Tuesday with the local lodge of Odd Fellows and everything points to their services being much in demand during the coming summer. The organization is nicely uniformed and their library, which is a large and finely selected one, contains some high grade selections.

—A Punxsutawney special of April 18 says: Without a word of warning and with no apparent motive, Joseph Balle, of Eleanora, last night at eight o'clock shot and instantly killed Jim Recott, while the latter was seated at the table in the home of his brother, Samuel Recott, who resides in house No. 134, at Onondaga. The shooting was done at a Sunday evening gathering and the victim was seated at a table when killed. The first shot went wild, but the next crashed into the man's body, near the breast and Recott fell to the floor. Leaning across the table, Balle emptied the four remaining shots in his gun into the prostrate form of the dying man. The shooter then escaped. He is still at large.

—On Saturday night while Dr. Joseph Hall and Harvey Quinn of Bradford were on their way to Sugar Run, near that city, they heard calls of help from the roadside. Upon investigating they discovered a man and boy lying on some blankets. The man was Peter Swanson and the boy his six-year-old son of Cherry Hill. While driving along the road the harness on their team broke and while fixing it one of the horses kicked Swanson, breaking his arm and throwing him violently to the ground. The horses plunged forward and the heavily loaded wagon passed over his leg, badly fracturing it. The little boy, with rare presence of mind, stopped the team and hitched them to a tree. Swanson was taken to his home and later to the Bradford hospital.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. H. Gallup of Crosby was a visitor in town Tuesday.

J. B. Oviatt of Norwich was a Smethport visitor this week.

H. L. Burlingame of Kasson was a caller at The Miner office Monday.

Mable McDoll of Kane was a guest of Smethport relatives over Sunday.

Henry Hatch who is working in Olean, spent Sunday in Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopper spent Sunday with Farmers Valley relatives.

Miss Byrdia McIntyre of Comes was a guest of Mrs. W. B. Hopper Monday.

Miss Dorothy Decker of Framers Valley was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald was a Smethport visitor last night.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillete and son, Redfield, returned Friday from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barbour of Crosby were the guests of Smethport relatives this week.

F. E. Thompson, the Bradford dentist, was a Smethport business visitor Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarah Blake and grandson, Emil, left for the former's home in Eldred Thursday night.

Van Daly, the [illegible] of the Bolivar Breeze, was a Smethport visitor Monday and while here was a pleasant caller at The Miner office.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Mrs. Claude Raymond automobiled to Port Allegany last Thursday and attended a dance at that place in the evening.

Lost.

Wednesday, April 13, between Smethport and Eldred a sack containing breeding hopples, bridle, blankets, etc. Finder please return to Jones' Livery, Smethport, Pa., or W. H. Barrett, Kane, Pa.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

For Sale.

The property on cor. of King and Washington Sts., will be sold right.

C. M. COLEGROVE.

Wanted—A girl for general housework, no washing. Address Lock Box 196, Smethport, Pa.

For prices on woven wire fence see Means Bros.

Amatite Roofing at Means'.

WM. MONHEIMER.

A Touch of Spring.

and one that will add to your personal appearance wonderfully well is one of our

New Spring Derbies

or a Soft Hat. Very attractive in their grace of style and beautiful finish. They give more satisfactory wear than any made. A great variety of shapes and styles

$1.25 to $4.00

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns. **Monarch Shirts.**

FRY & COMES

Cluett Shirts 1910 Styles

Men we want you to see the "Cluett" and "Monarch" Shirts for spring and summer.

For years Cluett Peabody & Co. have been making good shirts for men—Every added years experience being used for the betterment of the "Cluett" and "Monarch" products until today an investment of from $1.00 to $2.00 will secure all the comfort and service that twice the amount will procure in the made to order way—Why pay the difference.

A style for each and every occasion $1.00 to $2.00.

Collars.

The "Arrow Brand" of course—As "Cluett" and "Monarch" stands for the best in the way of shirts so "Arrow Brand" means Collar Perfection—There is an Arrow Collar for every style of dress, every style of face and they are just as right after laundering as before, 2 for 25 cents.

FRY & COMES.

WHY

RUBEROID
ROOFING

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Interest Is Mailed Every Six Months

at the rate of FOUR PER CENT per annum, to holders of our Certificates of Deposit. These convenient forms of investment are issued in sums of $500 and upward, and present many attractive features. Interest begins at the date of issue, and certificates are renewable without surrender at the expiration of each six months period. There are no commissions or fees—straight 4% investment, absolutely safe, and available at any time as collateral at this bank, up to its full face value.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH PA.

ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS

Write for Special Booklet CC on this attractive investment.

THE FIDELITY TRUST CO.

OF BUFFALO

STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 25, 1910

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand and in Banks	$1,073,592.69	Capital Stock	$ 500,000.00
Demand Loans	2,017,597.18	Deposits	8,260,849.45
Bonds and Mortgages	842,323.31	Surplus (EARNED)	400,000.00
New York State and other Bonds	4,505,036.45	Undivided Profits	50,220.83
Bank and Office Building	786,870.65	Reserved for Taxes	14,350.00
	$9,225,420.28		$9,225,420.28

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Her Peace Offering

A Story Showing That Women Are Not All Alike.

By PETER C. TRASK.

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"My dear," said Dr. Joe Bemerton as he threw off his coat and hat, tossing his heavy driving gloves into the latter, "I'll be hanged if I go out again tonight if I'm called by a multimillionaire."

"Oh, Joe, I'm so glad! You look awfully tired, and just think how long it is since we've had a quiet evening together."

"Right you are, Pal. I'll get on my velveteen jacket, put on my easy shoes, sit down before these blazing logs with you beside me, and we'll have a real old fashioned evening—like our courting days, eh, sweetheart?"

He tweaked her ear and gave her a kiss.

"Won't it be nice? You can sit in the big chair right before the flame, while I sit in my little working rocker beside you and darn the stockings."

"Oh, no; don't darn stockings! You didn't darn stockings in those days."

As soon as dinner was over the doctor pulled the big chair up to the fireplace and drew his wife down on his knee. She had weighed a hundred pounds when they courted. Now she weighed a hundred and fifty. Bemerton had had several obstinate cases during the day and was tired. It wasn't five minutes before he remarked that he had strained a muscle in his left leg when getting out of his auto, slipping on a bit of ice. He thought that they'd better sit side by side. So Mrs. Bemerton got off his knee and with an effort succeeded in squeezing in beside him. If she had gained fifty pounds he had gained more, so that instead of the aggregate bulk of 215 pounds between the two arms of the chair, as in their courting days, there were now 350. However, they managed to wedge themselves in, and Mrs. Bemerton leaned back on her husband's arm.

"Just as nice as ever it was," he said gallantly.

They sat chatting for awhile, but the topics they talked about as lovers did not seem to rise up with the spontaneity of former days. There were long gaps in the conversation. The doctor yawned.

"We don't need to talk all the while," she said drowsily. "Remember what a clatter we used to keep up?"

"I wonder how we did it."

"Did it! We didn't do it. It did itself."

There was a lull, during which the doctor's eyes closed, and he was beginning to draw the heavy breath of slumber when his wife started in anew.

"Do you know, Joe," she said, "that wretched butcher sent in the most abominable steak this morning—all bone and gristle?"

"Yes, dear, but my arm is cramped. If you'll raise a bit I'll move it."

He moved the arm and was sinking again to a snooze when the telephone bell rang.

"I'll go," said Mrs. Bemerton, starting up—

"No; you wouldn't understand." And the doctor went to the telephone.

"Yes; I'm Dr. Bemerton."

Reply.

"I'm pretty tired."

Reply.

"Is he?"

Reply.

"Suffering much?"

Reply.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go."

Mrs. Bemerton, who was listening, sighed. The doctor came back into the room the picture of woe.

"Now, Joe, you said you wouldn't go out again tonight for a millionaire. You're tired out. In another moment you'd have been asleep. Why didn't you refuse?"

"How could I? If you were suffering and called for a physician to relieve you and he declined to go, what would you think of him?"

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Will you ride?"

"No; it's not far. I'll walk."

She helped the poor man on with his overcoat. He gave her a parting kiss and as he went out said:

"If I'm going to be delayed I'll telephone you, and you're not to sit up, but go to bed like a dear, good little woman, and I'll come in without disturbing you and sleep in my own room. Ta-ta, sweetheart!"

Mrs. Bemerton's regret was that her liege lord must go out after a hard day's work into a cold night to incur more responsibility. She was a practical woman and had discovered very soon that the return to courting days would not be a success. She was not therefore disturbed at the interruption on that account. Indeed, she was relieved.

As soon as the front door closed behind him Dr. Bemerton hastened his steps. A few blocks away was his club, and thither he went. Leaving his overcoat at the coat room, he went into the cafe and there found Dr. Nichols and Gilson, who hailed his entrance with shouts of satisfaction.

"What did you mean," exclaimed Bemerton to Nichols, with mock severity, "by telling me that the patient was suffering and I must come at once to relieve him?"

"I meant this," replied Nichols—"that Gilson is suffering for some one to split a bottle of ginger ale with him. As for me, I'm suffering for something of the same kind."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bemerton. "You fellows will be the death of me some day. It doesn't seem as if one of us can have any fun without the other two or any two without the other one."

Dr. Bemerton sat down, and Nichols pushed the button, and when beverages had been ordered Bemerton said to the waiter:

"Peter, I wish you to telephone my wife that the case is very serious, there are three doctors in consultation, and I'll probably be detained till a late hour. Say, I haven't even time to do the telephoning. Now, be careful, Peter. Don't give away where the message comes from."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nichols. "Three doctors in consultation! Good! Very good!"

"Consulting as to which is preferable as a diluent—ginger ale or fizz water," laughed Gilson.

Peter had served twenty years at the club and knew how to send such telephone messages very well, but he was head waiter, and his responsibilities were multifarious. Being especially crowded tonight, he transferred the order to a greenhorn who had worn the club's button but a few days. This was the message sent to the doctor's wife:

"Dr. Bemerton is here at the club in consultation with two other doctors. He won't be home till late, mum."

"All right," came the response. "Tell the doctor not to hurry and that I think a Welsh rabbit or a stuffed crab will do him good."

Then the greenhorn goes to the three doctors in consultation and says to Dr. Bemerton:

"Docther, Mrs. Bamerthon says yer not to hurry, and she thinks a stuffed crab or a rabbit 'll do ye good."

Bemerton, who was raising his glass to his lips, stopped it on the way.

"Who phoned her?"

"I did, sor. Peter told me to. He was busy."

"And did you tell her I was at the club?"

"Shure, sor. Where else would I tell her?"

Nichols and Gilson leaned back in their leather covered chairs and roared.

"That'll do," said Bemerton to the waiter, who went off puzzled.

"Well, boys," said Bemerton, "I'm in for it." And he told the story of how he had started in for a return to courting days, accusing them of breaking in upon his and his wife's happiness.

"You must do something mighty nice," said Gilson, "to get out of this muddle. My wife would never forgive me for a thing like that."

"What can I do?" asked Bemerton.

"Give her a sealskin," suggested Nichols.

"She has one. Besides, that would require time. I've got to face her tonight when I go home."

"The only thing you can do," said Gilson, "that can be done tonight is to telephone to a flower shop and have them send you a fine mess of flowers to take home with you."

Bemerton was not favorably impressed with the plan. He said that he had forgotten every anniversary of his wedding day as it came round and the customary gifts his wife reminding him of it a month after it had passed. To take her flowers now seemed like giving her taffy. However, at that hour it was the only thing he could do, so calling up a flower shop, he directed the proprietor to send the handsomest basket of flowers he could make up. Then he threw off care and with his friends spent a delightful evening, marred only by a telephone message from Dr. Gilson's better half to know if he was at the club and one from a patient of Dr. Nichols asking if the medicine he had ordered had better be taken at 11 o'clock or a quarter past 11.

But all good times must come to an end, and the trio at last separated. At the door of the club Bemerton's two friends admonished him to do a lot of petting when he got home, confessing himself a brute and relying on the "lovely gift" to set matters right. Bemerton didn't say anything. He knew his wife and that she was not one to be coddled.

When the doctor opened his front door he found the lights turned down and the silence of oblivion. Excellent! Perhaps his wife was asleep. He would not have to face her till morning. Taking off his shoes and leaving the flowers in the hall, he crept up stairs.

"That you, dear?" came a voice from his wife's bedroom. "Had a good time? Hope you didn't eat anything to upset your stomach."

"Only stuffed crab, as you suggested. You're not angry with me, are you, dear?"

"Angry! Why should I be? I was well pleased when I learned you were at the club instead of being with sick people. Only you might as well have told me where you were going. It would have been a relief to me."

"By Jove, what a sensible woman you are! Both Gilson and Nichols said their wives would be furious. They suggested that I bring you a ten dollar basket of flowers to pacify you—ha, ha!"

"Flowers! Don't you bring me flowers when Billy needs a new overcoat and Jennie hasn't a decent dress to her name. If you had spent $10 for such worthless things I'd have sent them right back tomorrow to the shop you got them from."

Mrs. Bemerton didn't see her husband or his expression when she said this, and it is well she did not.

"I'll just go down and fix the furnace before turning in," he called. "It's going to be a cold night."

Mrs. Bemerton heard coal shoveled into the furnace, but she did not hear a beautiful ten dollar basket of flowers thrown in at the same time.

The next morning Dr. Bemerton made his first call at the flower shop, where he paid for the penitent's gift.

The "Long" Slizes.

The Slizes family was long in person, long drawn out in speech and eternally long about doing things. Over miles of pine hills they were known as the "long" Slizes. Miss Lydia, the eldest, went to a crossroads store to buy Christmas presents. In the course of a half hour she became interested in some blue and scarlet petticoats.

"I'll take one of these petticoats," she said, slowly counting out the price.

The busy proprietor wrapped up the parcel and handed it over with a polite "Something else?"

"I'll take another petticoat."

He did up a second bundle, took her carefully counted money and was turning to the next impatient customer.

"I'll take another petticoat," came the slow drawl.

This went on to the seventh time. The man, being up to his ears in work, ventured a question:

"Buying for the neighborhood, Miss Lydia?"

"I'm buying two apiece for my sisters."

"How many sisters have you?"

"Nine."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Cut the Ace.

The greatest delight of Pat Sheedy, according to a friend of the famous gambler, was to "double cross" the crooked card sharks.

"Sheedy once strolled into a tough gambling resort in the west where he was not known and stood watching the games," the friend relates. "One of the dealers was 'spieling' to several countrymen and had about convinced them to take a chance at his game.

"'I'll bet you 2 to 1 that I can shuffle the deck and cut the ace of hearts the first time,' he announced.

"'I'll take $50 of that if you'll let me shuffle the cards,' Pat said.

"The dealer agreed, and the money was staked. The countrymen also made small bets.

"'Are you satisfied?' the dealer asked when the cards were shuffled. 'The proposition is that I am to cut the ace of hearts the first cut.'

"Every one agreed. Then the dealer—he was a tough one—whipped out a big hunting knife and slashed the deck in two. But he didn't take the money. Sheedy had palmed the ace of hearts while shuffling the cards."

Our Safety Valves.

The invention of the safety valve for steam engines has saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property. It is an invention that stands prominently to the front in this age of mechanical progress. But nature supplied us each with a safety valve, which, for effectiveness, works better than any made by man. If we did not have this safety valve we could not live twenty-four hours. This safety valve is the perspiration, or sweat, glands, and to make sure that we should not run short of the supply she has furnished the body with some two and a half millions of them. If our temperature rose 7 or 8 degrees we should die within a few hours, and yet we could run, row, indulge in any athletic exercise or even walk safely any distance with no rise in our temperature to the danger point if we had no safety valve provided so ingeniously by nature.

Paddy's Cat.

An Irishman fresh from the "ould sod" secured a job with a lumber crew in the Minnesota woods. While sound asleep in his bunk one night a lynx slipped in at the open window, espied Paddy's brindle whiskers and promptly pounced on its supposed enemy. A terrible contest ensued, during which Paddy's clothing was reduced to ribbons, but ending happily when the brawny son of Erin secured a half nelson on the beast and heaved it bodily through the window.

He was instantly surrounded by a score of excited and admiring woodsmen. After examining himself critically Paddy straightened up slowly and remarked with distinct emphasis:

"Bedad, if I knew th' dom man that owned that cat I'd be afther rammin' me fisht down th' throat av him—I wud that!"—Judge's Library.

The Tail of a Fish.

A fish's tail is its wings. Owing to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its cleaving form a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon tired. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of great power, and by means of it and the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body a high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish or sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or boat.

Roundabout Bribery.

At one old time British election a candidate won by means of an umbrella. Sheer absence of mind caused him to leave the gamp behind at every house at which he called to canvass, and of course when it was returned by the voter a sovereign was only a suitable reward for honesty.

Impatience.

"Impatience," said Uncle Eben, "is ginerally de feelin' you has when you wants somebody else to hurry an' make up foh de time you's been wastin'."—Washington Star.

Just the Other Way.

"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?"

"No. He never was very particular what he said about you."

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is godlike.—Mann.

The Girl With the Birthmark

A Curious Experience While Momentarily Unconscious.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

I was standing on sand and could hear the plash of waves, but could see nothing about me, for I was enveloped in mist. A rocking sensation made me doubt whether I was ashore or on the water. Another singular feature was a faint singing of birds—so faint, indeed, that I doubted whether I heard birds or a ringing in my ears. There were occasional voices about me, having a mellow sound, as if spoken on a quiet day after a fall of snow or on a balmy morning when the air is full of moisture.

While I was wondering where I was and how I happened to be there a girl came out of the mist and stood before me. She seemed as much surprised to see me as I was to see her. Her face was that of a saint—fair complexion, hair and eyes. There was but one blemish—a small red birthmark, shaped like a rose leaf, on her neck. It was rather an imperfection than a blemish.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

"I hear the sound of waves."

"Then we must be on the seashore."

"And birds singing."

"That would indicate that the beach is lined by woods."

"Wherever we are, we were evidently sent for each other."

"It would seem so." She lowered her eyes.

"You were certainly sent to be with me. What would become of me alone in this dense mist without the power to find my way out of it? With you I shall be happy even here. You are very lovely."

"You do not say beautiful."

"But you are beautiful."

"No; I can't be that."

"Why?"

"Because of this." She put a finger on the birthmark.

"Do you know," I said after a brief pause, "that I like you so well as you are that I would not have even that changed?"

"How good of you to say that! You say it to make me feel less dissatisfied on account of my defect. You do not mean it."

Suddenly the mist was gone. It did not melt away; it vanished. We were standing upon a beautiful bay. For miles on either hand the beach curved in a semicircle. Back of us the shore rose till it mingled with mountains. The waters of the bay were of different colors. Near us, where it was shallow, it was a jade green, beyond a deep blue and beyond that silver. On this silver an island rested, rising from its base to a height on which the sun shone golden. We stood looking out at the view. I was entranced, and, turning my eyes upon my companion, I saw that she was equally wrapt.

"I feel," I said, "that I must go out on the bosom of that sea."

"There is a boat," she replied, "chained to a stake."

Lowering my eyes to the verge, I saw a skiff rising and falling with the languid swells.

The next scene of which I was cognizant or at least remember now was pulling along under great cliffs that formed the island.

"There is a cave," said my companion, "with a waterway for an entrance."

Turning the boat, I pulled for the cave. The rocky roof over the waterway just grazed our heads as we made the entrance. Inside, we found ourselves within a cavern, its roof hung with stalactites. The light coming from the entrance tinged the vaulted roof with ever changing colors. Now it was a blood red, now a pale blue, now sea green, now white.

"It is from the changing of the waters outside," I said. "A changing sky changes the bay, and the changing bay changes the hues in here."

"It is all change," she said sadly. "I wish something in the world were fixed."

I dropped my oars and, seating myself beside her, took her in my arms.

"I wish this would never change," I said, "for I have found my love." I kissed her. She put her arms about me, and it seemed to me that I had thrown off something that had troubled me, some great evil that had overhung me, and I had passed to a convalescence of perfect happiness.

Alas, while supremely happy in this companionship, I felt my love slipping through my arms and saw her floating over the surface of the water toward the mouth of the cavern. At that moment both the water and its rocky dome were a pale blue. They tinged her garments with the same hue. She looked back at me with an expression of indescribable melancholy. I called to her not to leave me, but she floated on, passed out through the mouth of the cavern and was gone.

I seized the oars to follow and, dashing under the low arch that separated me from the outside, in another moment was under the greater vault of the heavens.

All was serene as when we entered the cavern, but my love had vanished.

Then came a sensation of being tossed to and fro, up and down, as though I were on a stormy sea. It was merely a consciousness of feeling. There was no communication with the outside world. There were voices in the air. What they said I did not know. There were also sounds of invisible people passing and the occasional opening and closing of a door.

Next I was lying on a lounge looking out of an open window. The air was clear as crystal. Before me rose a range of snow capped mountains. Over them was a white cloud. But was it a cloud? No. It was a peak far above its fellows, with a strip of cloud beneath it that gave it the appearance of a peak. How high it was! It seemed to mingle with the heavens' blue. I arose and went to the window to get a better view of its summit. When I leaned out and looked up at it it seemed higher, higher, all the while higher. My brain began to whirl. I returned to my lounge. I was weak and languid.

While I was recovering from my giddiness a door opened and my lost love came into the room. At first she looked anxious, then smiled.

For a moment I was in doubt if it were really she. It did not appear that she was changed, but that I looked at her through different eyes from before. Her figure did not face me, but she was looking at me sidewise. I was troubled. I longed for her, she was with me, but I was not sure she was the same person. While I gazed in perplexity she turned, and I saw the birthmark on her neck. Then she came to me, seemingly wading through water, and took my hand. I drew her down beside me and said reproachfully:

"Why did you leave me?"

"I couldn't help it. It was fate. Everything changes in this world."

It did not occur to me that this was a vague answer. At any rate, I was satisfied with it.

"Are you going away again?" I asked.

"No, not now; some day."

"When will that be?"

"A long, long while from now."

"And will you love me until this separation comes?"

"I will love you always, here and where I go."

"I will go with you. You shall not go without me."

Then hand in hand we were climbing the mountain I had seen from the window. We seemed to be ascending as if buoyed by wings. Eager to reach that cloudlike summit I had seen, we pressed on and on, but, whenever I looked up to see if we neared it we were as far below as before. Turning to look back, the houses beneath appeared like ant hills. Then I felt the snow slowly moving beneath me.

"It is an avalanche!" I exclaimed.

We were turned toward the valley and hand in hand slid down the mountain. The glide we moved with accelerated pace; we kept our feet. We were like two gulls soaring, then, tipping their wings aslant, sailing down an aerial incline. Suddenly the snow before us began to pile up against the base of a cliff. We lost our balance, and, head downward, I felt tons of snow piling on top of me.

"No bone broken," I heard a voice say close beside me. "If there's no internal injury he will be all right."

I opened my eyes. I was lying on hard snow, while people stood about me, all looking very anxious. One of them, a girl, stood gazing down upon me with a pair of mild eyes in which there was a world of sympathy. There must have been something in my glance to affect her, for she lowered her eyes, blushed and turned away. As she did so she exposed one side of her neck. It bore a birthmark shaped like a rose leaf.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter! Why, you have fallen twenty feet from the ledge up there."

I remembered passing over a ledge, but I didn't remember anything else.

"How long have I been unconscious?" I asked.

"Why, for only a very few minutes. Here, take a little of this."

A party of tourists happened to be passing when I fell and among them a doctor. From where I lay I could see the Alpine peak Jungfrau. I had been looking at it during the period of my unconsciousness, which might have been an infinitesimally small fraction of time. I had seen the girl with a birthmark only during the same space of time.

They wished to assist me to the hotel just below, at Sheidig, but I concluded to try my legs. The doctor gave me his hand, and I got on my feet. One of the tourists who stood about me volunteered to go with me, but I got on fairly well without his assistance.

What I have recorded is the beginning of a love story; but, though I have no objection to telling a dream, I shrink from giving the thoughts and feelings of myself and the lady of my love. I was less interested in discovering whether I had displaced any of my internal parts than getting on the track of the girl with a birthmark. I missed her at Sheidig, but saw her the next evening at the Kursall (casino) at Interlaken, sipping a lemonade. I dogged her footsteps for days before I succeeded in corralling her—that is, before I could find her lighted, so to speak, and I could get a mutual acquaintance to introduce me. I finally cornered her on the Rigo, near Lucerne, and, as luck would have it, my friend Jim Thompson was there, too, and was acquainted with her.

I expected under the influence of my dream that I should have as easy a time getting her as I had during that long drawn out infinitesimally short period. Instead, I had a real woman to deal with and not a creation of my own fancy.

There was no dream for her. I was to her an ordinary personage with whom neither dreams nor romance had anything to do. I was obliged to lay siege to her heart and advance by regular approaches. I made very slow progress. Nevertheless by persistance I finally conquered, and it was not till then that I told her this story.

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The Line of March

A St. Patrick's Day Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Matthew Golden rearranged the newspapers and periodicals on his counter into their customary order. March issues of the Ladies' Own Periodical confronted him. There on the cover, encircled by a wreath of shamrocks, was Margaret Devlin's beautiful Irish face—blue-black mist of hair, forgetmenot eyes fringed thickly with black lashes, saucy nose and smiling red lips.

The name of the artist was fantastically blurred into the background, yet it was clear enough for Matthew's jealous eyes to decipher "Conners." His hands clinched savagely. He knew Conners by sight—big, hulking, red headed artist from the top floor of the studio building around the corner. He had walked past twice with Margaret Devlin. Once there had been a little thin faced girl with them—some new friend of Margaret's whom Matthew did not know.

Just then the door opened, and he turned to confront Margaret herself, bewitching in fur turban and coat of chinchilla. Her blue eyes did not lift above his firm chin; they rested there while she spoke:

"Good morning. Is the March number of the Ladies' Own Periodical out yet?"

He placed a copy of the desired magazine on the counter before her and turned away that he might not see the look of startled pleasure in her eyes when she beheld her own beauty on the cover.

"I'll take all the copies you have," said Margaret crisply, opening her jingling silver purse. "How many?" Even then her eyes were not lifted above his chin.

"Forty-nine copies at 10 cents—$4.90—thank you." The bell of the cash register clanged noisily as Matthew [illegible] He laid the coins on the counter. "Shall I send the magazines to your house, madam? They are very heavy." His tone was very impersonal.

"If you please," said Miss Devlin [illegible] with only a bowed head, and [illegible] the door.

The young man who worked for him came back from his errand and reported [illegible] the familiar number in Seventy-fifth street, and still Matthew worked on relentlessly.

The door opened, and a strange thrill down his spine told Matthew Golden that Margaret had returned. He heard her low pitched voice speaking to the clerk. The latter spoke:

"I see we are all out of the Ladies' Own, Mr. Golden. When will we have some more?"

"I shall not order any more."

The store was empty, and he pushed his chair away impatiently and locked the books into the safe. Then he reached down his hat and went out to dinner.

It was his luck that the only vacant seat in the restaurant should be opposite Margaret's father, Tom Devlin.

Mr. Devlin was as homely as his daughter was beautiful, and his plain features now lighted up into genial friendliness. "Matthew, me dear boy," he said, with just a touch of the brogue, "I'm glad to see ye. What's the matter. Ye haven't been wearing out the doormat at No. 842 this dog's age. I've been looking for ye to come around and have a game at cribbage with me—Maggie's head's so full of wedding clothes." Mr. Devlin attacked his salad, with twinkling eyes busy over the proper mixture of the dressing.

Matthew's heart gave a frightened leap, one or two hard thumps and then apparently went out of business all together.

"When is the wedding?" he heard himself ask carelessly.

"The 17th," returned Mr. Devlin.

"This month?"

"Sure."

"St. Patrick's day, then," murmured Matthew dazedly.

"Like to have ye come, Mat—9 o'clock at St. Francis'. Maggie would have it so, though Conners wanted just to step into the rector and let Father Fraley tie the knot."

Matthew scraped back his chair and waved the proffered dessert aside. "I must be going along. Good night, Mr. Devlin," he said heavily.

"Then ye won't be there on the 17th?" asked Devlin, with a tinge of disappointment in his tone.

"Can't. Sons of St. Patrick parade at 9 on the 17th," said Matthew. "My congratulations to Miss Margaret."

Devlin was speaking to the waiter, and Golden took his hat and went away into the brightly lighted streets. He walked for hours up and down the hard pavements, seeing nothing save a pair of forgetmenot blue eyes and feeling nothing save a tearing pain at his heart.

Back in his little store, now closed to customers, he leaned his head wearily against the desk and thought bitterly of what had led up to the approaching wedding on St. Patrick's day, but a fortnight away.

He and Margaret had been engaged for a year when she suddenly announced that Conners was to use her as a model for a magazine cover design. After that announcement matters moved rapidly. Matthew forbade it. Margaret defied him, and without explanation on either side their troth was broken.

Six weeks had passed since that miserable night, and he had scarcely caught a glimpse of her face, save at a great distance, until that morning when she came into his news store.

Two weeks dragged slowly by, and the morning of St. Patrick's day found Matthew Golden arraying himself in the splendid uniform of the Faithful Sons of St. Patrick. He dwelt wretchedly on the same anniversary a year ago, when Margaret had stood on the curbstone and waved a green and gold flag as he passed by. It had been the happiest day of his life, for that very evening he had asked Margaret to marry him, and she had consented. By contrast today would be the bitterest he would ever know.

He strode down the street, admired by many feminine eyes and quite unconscious of anything except the event that would occur at 9 o'clock. A little past that hour the parade would march down the avenue past the very portals whence Margaret would emerge changed in name forever.

Trumpets blared; drums rattled, fifes rippled as the several bands of music fell into place. There were hoarse commands, the shuffle of countless feet on the pavements, shrill cries from the throngs gathered about, and the parade started.

As they neared St. Francis' granite bulk Matthew's heart almost stood still. He prayed hard that he might be spared the sight of Margaret's wedding party emerging from the church. The uniforms of the men, white and green and gold, with splendid sashes of emerald satin fringed with gold, made a ribbon of color down the broad avenue. Matthew was in the outer column, his face like ashes, his mouth set in a grim line of despair and his feet mechanically moving to the strains of the "Wearin' o' the Green."

Then, just before they reached the church, he saw them—saw Conners' red head and a girl's figure beside him—saw them run down the steps and enter a carriage on the cross street and roll away, while Tom Devlin waved a jovial farewell before he turned to watch the parade.

Matthew's face had turned to watch the bridal pair enter the carriage. When he faced front once more his startled, unbelieving eyes saw Margaret Devlin herself—Margaret in green broadcloth, with a great bunch of shamrock at her waist, waving a green satin flag at him!

Tom Devlin and his daughter followed close in the wake of the Faithful Sons of St. Patrick that day. Matthew saw them at the most unexpected moments, always smiling and waving their flags at him. He began to feel like one of the family again and to realize that there was a blunder somewhere, a mistake for which he might be devoutly thankful, for it was evident that Conners had married somebody, and Matthew did not care who it was so long as it was not Margaret Devlin.

When the parade was over Tom and Margaret were on hand to escort Matthew home. He entered the big touring car that sprang from somewhere and found himself between Margaret and her father. The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her blue eyes evaded Matthew's questioning glance.

Once at the familiar house in Seventy-fifth street Tom Devlin disappeared and left the two together.

"Margaret, dear"—Matthew was beside her instantly—"I've been a jealous fool. Tell me the mystery. Did you marry Conners or what?"

"Of course I married Tom Conners. That's why I let another girl go off with him," mocked Margaret, and then suddenly her blue eyes filled with tears and her head found its place on his broad shoulder. "If you'd had a little more faith in me, Matthew," she said, "you would have been happier yourself and made it easier for me to do a good deed."

"You'll have to explain, dear. I'm all at sea," he pleaded.

"Conners has been engaged to Agnes Lee for a year, and he hasn't had a chance to show what he can do. He needed to get out one successful drawing and then he could have all the orders he wanted. Till then he had to starve, and Agnes had to wait and wait for the home she wanted. You know Agnes is skin and bone and homely, and I'm not. So I went to Conners and suggested the picture you saw on the magazine cover. I wanted to help them; that's all. He did the drawing, got another and larger order, and when the magazine came out father and I bought up all the copies we could, and they got out a second edition. What do you think of that? Of course Tom Conners is 'fixed' now—they've recognized what he could do. I didn't really want my face on a magazine cover, Mat, but I had to help them out. They love each other just as we do. Father and I got them married and off on their honeymoon, and now, Matthew Golden, were you ever happier than you are this minute?" she asked saucily.

"Yes," replied Matthew solemnly. "I was happier when I looked up and saw you standing on the curbstone waving your flag at me, darling. I shall never forget the change from despair to happiness, and I have one thing to say."

"What is that, Mat?" she asked with softly luminous eyes near his own.

"That you may forgive me for being a jealous fool and spoiling the sweet deed you were doing and that all my life, when I'm on the line of march and meet troubles and sorrows, I can always look up as I did today and see your sweet face smiling on me; that's all," said Matthew huskily.

A Collector's Bargain.

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day in browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively:

"Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."

So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.

"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.

"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.

"H'm!" said the connoisseur. "At that price the marmalade should have been included."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a shilling marmalade pot with a green thistle painted on it."

Silencing the Questioners.

A French gentleman who had been with M. de Talleyrand for twenty years accompanied him to the congress at Vienna after Napoleon's exile to Elba. People naturally concluded that this long intimacy had made him familiar with a number of particulars of the minister's life and bearing also upon the events with which he had been mixed up. Worried with questions, the friend invariably replied that he knew nothing, but the questioners would not be satisfied and returned to the charge.

"Very well," finally said Talleyrand's confidant; "I'll tell you a peculiar and altogether unknown fact in connection with M. de Talleyrand. Since Louis XV. he's the only man who can open a soft boiled egg with one backward stroke of his knife without spilling a drop of the contents of the shell. That is the only peculiarity I know in connection with him."

Discretion had scored a decisive victory. From that moment the questions ceased.

The Sting of Ingratitude.

A young physician in the east side, New York city, spends much time in charitable practice, says the Newark Star. In fact, he sometimes gives to a poor patient enough money to pay for prescriptions. "I'm not getting rich," he explains, "but I simply can't see them suffer for medicines that may put them on their feet again."

Not many days ago the doctor had occasion to visit a woman who occupied one small room with her three children. After making out a prescription he gave her $2, telling her to buy the medicine and to use the change for needed food. On the following day as he was about to enter the tenement for a second call he met the ten-year-old daughter of the patient.

"How is your mother?" he inquired of the child.

"Oh, she's all well!" was the answer. "She took the $2 and got a real doctor."

When to Stop Advertising.

An English journal requested a number of the largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generation that crowded on after you and never heard of you stops coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you stop making fortunes solely through the direct use of this mighty agent.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.—Nashville American.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge, an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities, he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance double sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as an entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.—London Graphic.

John and the Franchise.

A woman suffrage lecturer in England recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

A Real Regret.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but— Poet—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

Elevating.

Wigg—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always full of distress.—Confucius.

The White Spruce

It Brought Barbara and the Young Forester Together.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Barbara Owen parted the flaps of the tent and drank in with delighted eyes the scene before her. The little camp perched almost on the edge of the precipice commanded a magnificent view of the snow topped Cascade range blushing under the first rays of the rising sun.

Barbara went to another tent and called her father. He replied by a yawn, followed by a racking cough. Then she hastened to a third tent and prepared breakfast.

Presently James Owen came forth.

"Hungry as a bear, Bab," he said. "The very smell of that coffee makes me feel ten years younger!"

"I wish the taste of it would make you feel ten times better," said Barbara as she placed the meal on the table.

Barbara chatted brightly during the meal and when it was over completed her household tasks, and, leaving her father swinging in a hammock among the trees with a book between his thin fingers, she disappeared in the forest.

The path she trod was faintly defined by disturbed brown needles, and it followed a course marked by high branched trees, winding in and out, skirting a thicket of dwarfed spruce or leading over a roughly bridged gully to a broad wagon trail.

Before she reached the wagon trail Barbara turned abruptly to the left. Here a giant spruce lifted a naked white shaft high above the surrounding trees of the forest.

Crowding about the spruce was a thicket of young hemlock, ragged and starved for want of light and air. There were no opening in the thicket and a low mound covered with brown needles. Dry eyed and tearless, Barbara sat down in the dimness and tried to [illegible] by another grave.

A heavy tread [illegible] and presently [illegible] tree trunks, clad in brown khaki like her [illegible] shirt open at a strong brown throat and a sombrero pushed back from a rumpled head, Barbara recognized the young man as one of the foresters patrolling the government's forest reserve where their camp was pitched. She had met these men occasionally along the wagon trail, and her father had fallen into conversation with one of the sturdy, bronzed woodsmen and afterward had spoken enthusiastically of the splendid work in which they were engaged.

Barbara watched him with interest, confident that he would not penetrate into the thicket.

When he came to the spruce he stopped suddenly, leaned back and squinted his eyes at the white shaft above his head. He knelt down and examined the young hemlocks and once more drew out his notebook. Barbara, silent and brown, blending with the background of brown trunks, was unobserved until the forester drew his hatchet and cut a deep incision in the spruce tree. The girl was on her feet in an instant.

"Stop!" she cried. "Don't do that!"

The man started and peered as if some brown wood fairy had arisen before his bewildered eyes. Barbara laughed shakily.

"It sounds like a school oration, 'Woodman, spare that tree;' but, you see, my mother is buried here—and—and—the tree marks her grave."

The man had removed his hat and looked at her with respectful attention. Barbara noted that he was young, perhaps thirty, with a crop of thick, sunburned hair and a handsome, well tanned face lighted by keen dark eyes.

"I am very sorry." He hesitated. "I would not do anything to pain you; but, you see, it is my duty to take care of the forest. For the safety of the other and younger trees this dead spruce should come down."

Barbara's eyes filled with tears as she bowed her head against the white trunk of the spruce. "We thought we would be quite undisturbed here in the forest," she sobbed. "There are only three of us—mother here—she died suddenly; father, back at the camp, where he is trying to regain his health in the open, and I. I dare not tell father about the tree. He loves to come here when he is strong enough. The trees sing overhead"—

The forester stepped forward and placed a finger on her sleeve. "Please do not cry," he said awkwardly. "Will you trust me to respect this little spot in the forest and yet do my duty to my employer?"

Barbara looked at his steady eyes and the friendly smile on his clean cut mouth. "Yes," she said slowly. "I will trust you."

"Will you give me your mother's name and the date of her birth and death?" he asked, pulling his notebook out.

Puzzled and a little curious, Barbara gave him the desired information and, with a word of thanks, turned away.

"One week from today you may come again," said the forester gravely.

"Thank you," said Barbara once more, and then she stepped lightly into the trail and was gone.

It was a long week for Barbara Owen. Her father's health improved for the time, and he was anxious to walk in the forest and visit his wife's grave. Barbara invented a dozen excuses to keep him away from the white spruce.

Seven mornings she saw the reflection of the rising sun on the western mountain snows.

On the seventh day she took her father, and together they walked over the narrow trail to where the white spruce had towered. James Owen uttered an astonished cry as he stopped before his wife's grave. Barbara clung to his arm, overcome by a strange emotion. She was glad that the forester was not there to witness it.

The stump of the white spruce arose like a five foot shaft of marble; the bark had been planed off until the wood showed white as satin and as smooth; the top was rounded, and on the flattened side of the stump a hot iron had burned a brief epitaph above Mrs. Owen's resting place. The young hemlocks had been thinned out until they formed a green semicircle about the white shaft.

"Who has done this?" asked Owen huskily.

Barbara told him in a few words of her meeting with the young forester, and after awhile the two walked over to the wagon trail in the direction of the metallic ax blows.

He saw them coming and came to meet them. "I am glad you liked it," he said simply in response to Mr. Owen's warm thanks. "It was better that we should remove the tree in a shipshape manner than permit it to fall of its own accord."

"But the work you did on the stump, young man—it was more than kind of you; we are deeply grateful."

"I had a mother once myself," he replied soberly.

"Come over to the camp and see us, Mr.—" said Owen suggestively.

"My name's Charter — Benjamin Charter," said the forester quickly. "You are very kind; I shall be glad to come."

After that day James Owen improved rapidly. There would never be hope of his complete recovery, but a return to even moderate health was an encouragement to his only child. They walked through the woods to the little hemlock circle and felt that here was a spot they might call their own forever.

Their walks often included a search for the foresters engaged in their interesting work of conserving the native trees and guarding against encroaching lumbermen or wandering flocks of sheep or devastating herds of cattle.

Benjamin Charter came to the camp and proved an entertaining companion for father and daughter. He played cards with Mr. Owen or read to the invalid the week old newspapers that came their way. He brought his violin, and Barbara drank in the wonderful melodies woven by the brown fingers and the flashing bow.

The snow caps on the mountains became a little smaller as the season advanced; the dry air was warmer and seemed to give new life to the sick man. Barbara's eyes had a new light in them, and Benjamin Charter's fingers trembled when he played the violin.

Then one day Barbara and her father walked in the forest. They had gone along the wagon trail and were drawing near the working foresters. There was a sound of blows on wood, a silence and then a crashing, tearing sound close at hand. Somebody shouted wildly and pushed Barbara and her father out of harm's way, somebody who was too late himself to spring from under the falling tree and so was caught beneath the weight of heavy green branches.

A tree had fallen in an unexpected direction, and Benjamin Charter's quickness had probably saved Mr. Owen and his daughter from injury, if not death. When the tree was removed by the score of laborers that sprang into view Charter was quite unconscious.

He was carried into the camp on the precipice, and one of the men rode madly away to the distant settlement for a doctor. In the meantime Barbara and her father did what they could. The forester opened his eyes upon their anxious faces.

"I am glad you are safe," he said feebly.

"You saved my worthless life and Barbara's precious one," said Owen brokenly. "I wish I could reward you, Charter. You have been a friend indeed to me."

"I wish you would give me Barbara," said Charter, with more strength. "I haven't got very much, but I can take care of her and make her comfortable."

"What do you say, Bab?" asked her father.

Barbara's face, bent above the injured man's, was sufficient answer.

"You needn't wait till I'm gone to be happy," suggested Mr. Owen after the doctor had come and pronounced Charter's injuries to be slight—more painful than dangerous. "You can get married as soon as you are well enough to hobble around and find a minister."

"Thank you, sir," said Charter. His arm was about Barbara as she knelt beside his cot.

"I suppose you know who you're marrying," resumed Owen, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Barbara Owen, the sweetest girl in the world," returned Charter promptly.

Owen laughed softly. "Barbara Owen, daughter of James Herkimer Owen, the copper king," he said dryly.

"I can't leave the forest," said the forester when he had recovered from his surprise.

"And I don't want to leave it," said Barbara happily.

The Crush.

It was at an afternoon tea, with the usual musical accompaniment. The man's man had been literally dragged there, an unwilling victim, by a zealous friend who liked afternoon teas with a musical accompaniment. Needless to say, the zealous friend was a ladies' man.

The man's man was very unhappy. He had sulked and had positively refused to be introduced to the bevy of charming girls presiding at the tea tables, much to the chagrin of the ladies' man, who naturally couldn't understand the attitude of the man's man. It was inexorable, from his point of view. But a ray of hope glimmered in his breast when the man's man rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"I say, old fellow, introduce me to the fat lady sitting over in the corner, will you?"

The eyes of the ladies' man glistened.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he cried. "Have you got a crush on her?"

"No," replied the man's man savagely. "I should say it was quite the other way. She's sitting on my hat!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Saw More Lights.

In one of the hotels recently some new electric lights were put in use in a decorative way. A young man who lives on the hill happened in during the evening and noticed the lights.

"They're very nice," he said to the head waiter, "but why didn't you put up more?"

The head waiter, knowing the young man's fondness for articles enumerated on the wine list, replied, "I think you'll see more of them before you leave, Mr. So-and-so."

The young man remained in the cafe a couple of hours and imbibed rather freely of liquid refreshments. When he got ready to leave he sought the head waiter.

"Much obliged to you," he said. "Did you put the extra ones in for me?"

"Certainly," replied the head waiter, bowing.

The young man left the hotel feeling greatly honored.—Denver Post.

Suppressing Swearing.

Profane as well as legal oaths have been the subject of many parliamentary measures in England. No fewer than five separate bills having the prevention of swearing for their object were presented during the reign of James I, but it was not until 1623 that an enactment was finally carried defining and controlling the offense. In 1635 a public department was established to collect the fines enforced by this law. The officials of this department, of whom one was appointed in every parish, were allowed [illegible] in the pound on the money thus collected, and the balance was paid over to the bishop for the benefit of the deserving poor. These penalties ceased to be enforced after the restoration, but were revived by a statute of William and Mary and still further increased under George II.—London Scraps.

Fire.

Max Beerbohm's book "Yet Again" opens with the essay on "Fire."

"Fire in my grate," he writes, "is as terrible a thing as when it was lit by my ancestors night after night at the mouths of their caves to scare away the ancestors of my dog. And my dog regards it with the old wonder and misgiving. Even in his sleep he opens ever and again one eye to see that we are in no danger. And the fire glowers and roars through its bars at him with the scorn that a wild beast must needs have for a tame one. 'You are free,' it rages, 'and yet you do not spring at that man's throat and tear him limb from limb and make a meal of him.' And, gazing at me, it licks its red lips, and I, laughing good humoredly, rise and give the monster a shovelful of its proper food, which it leaps at and noisily devours."

The First Pantomime.

The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bilkers" and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great institutor of pantomime in England was, however, John Rice, who devised this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1723, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rich with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rich lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1701.—London Stage.

Not a Bouncer.

"Mother," said a six-year-old hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only hollered."

A Mean Suggestion.

Pierrot—The only way for a man to understand women is to get married.

Pierrette—And study the ways of his wife, eh?

Pierrot—No. Listen to what she tells him about the other women.

The Spenders.

"How are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?"

"Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."—Judge's Library.

Descriptive.

"Is he broke?"

"Broke! Why, his assets rattle around in his liabilities like a pea in a coal bucket."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

An Ancient Problem That Has Turned Many Brains Dizzy.

The oldest of problems is that of squaring the circle—i. e., of telling the precise length of the side of a square whose area will equal the area of a given circle.

The first attempt we know of was made 500 years before the exodus of the Jews. Since at least 1300 B. C. Chinese brains have turned dizzy over it. The oldest mathematical book in the world—written about 2000 B. C., by Ahmes, scribe to an Egyptian king, and now resting in the British museum—pretends to solve it, but it doesn't. Our old friend Euclid prudently avoids the subject.

Books have been written to prove that it is impossible, others to prove the impossibility of proving its impossibility, others again to prove the impossibility of proving its possibility.

One scientist, a professor of Zurich, adopted some fifty years ago a rather original method of tackling the problem. He divided the floor of a great loft into thousands of small squares and spent his days in solemnly throwing needles about and noting the number of times they fell clear of the chalk lines, but it did not help him much.

The important ratio which would settle the question has been carried to 500 places of decimals. And still it is not exact. If you have a taste for sums you can start and carry it to 600 and see what happens.

At any rate, you will soon find your hair getting grayer.—London Answers.

A HUMILIATED MONKEY.

The Crippled Old Despot Was Made to Feel His Mighty Fall.

The following amusing story is told by J. L. Kipling in his "Man and Beast In India" of the humiliation of a monkey whom physical disablement prevented from maintaining his despotic position as leading male of the troop:

"One morning there came a monkey chieftain, weak and limping, having evidently been worsted in a severe fight with another of his own kind. One hand hung powerless, his face and eyes bore terrible traces of battle, and he hirpled slowly along with a pathetic air of suffering, supporting himself on the shoulder of a female—a wife, the only member of his clan that had remained faithful to him after his defeat.

"We threw them bread and raisins, and the wounded warrior carefully stowed the greater part away in his cheek pouch. The faithful wife, seeing her opportunity, holding fast his one sound hand and opening his mouth, deftly scooped out the store of raisins. Then she sat and ate them very calmly at a safe distance, while he mowed and chattered in impotent rage.

"He knew that without her help he could not reach home and was fain to wait with what patience he might till the raisins were finished. This was probably her first chance of disobedience or of self assertion in her whole life, and I am afraid she thoroughly enjoyed it."

How Long Your Nails Grow.

The growth of an average finger nail is about one thirty-second of an inch a week, or nearly one and one-half inches in a year, so those aristocratic Chinese who proudly exhibit nails six to eight inches in length must have refrained from cutting them at least four to six years. Finger nails grow faster in the summer than in winter. The nail on the middle finger grows faster than any of the others, and that of the thumb is slowest in growth. The nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left. A nail is supposed to reach its full growth in about four and a half months, and at this rate a man seventy years old would have renewed his nails 262 times. On each finger he would have grown nine feet of nail, or on all his fingers and thumbs no less than ninety feet of nail.—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Signs.

A tinman in the south of England has a sign which reads, "Quart Measures of All Shapes and Sizes Sold Here."

At a market town in the midlands the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decamped, leaving his confiding creditors mourning: "Wound Up and the Mainspring Broke."

In one of the principal streets of another small town the same shop was occupied by a doctor and a shoemaker, the man of medicine having the front and he of the leather working in the rear. Over the door hung the sign, "We Repair Both Body and Sole."

On the window of a coffee room there one day appeared the notice, "This Coffee Room Removed Upstairs Till Repaired."

Playful Monkeys.

Apes and gorillas are usually vicious and resentful and less addicted to playful tricks than the common monkey. Indeed, the monkey, as we all know, is a trickster both in his wild and domestic state. In their native forests monkeys spend hours in swinging from the branches of trees, suspended by their tails, and chattering and grimacing with evident signs of delight. Humboldt mentions seeing over a hundred so employed in a South American forest.

Nothing Miraculous.

"You had rheumatism in your right leg for years and were cured of it in an instant? How?"

"By being accidentally mixed up in a train wreck. My right leg is a cork leg now."—Chicago Tribune.

PUBLIC LOVE LETTERS.

Curious Appeals Appear In Newspapers of Southern Italy.

The printed love letters in the advertising columns of papers in southern Italy fill the tourist with wonder, mingled with deep respect for the sentiment which will pay for their insertion. The following letter, taken from the Palermo Ora, contained 174 words, which at the advertised rate of a cent a word would cost $1.74. If the Italian saying, "A lira is a dollar," is true, this would equal a bill of $8.70, which would require a pretty devoted American lover to pay:

"Dearest, Little One—What have I done to thee? Why this silence after thy promise? I experience from it a grief so violent that it renders me helpless.

"Thou art good, my Santuzza, as good as dear; thou knowest how this makes me suffer. Why dost thou do it? Thou knowest how I love thee, that thou art my religion. Have I offended thee?

"I seek intense occupation to keep me calm, but a thousand thoughts gnaw my soul. Perhaps while you amuse yourself you do not know how your silence agitates me. Oh, dear Madonna mine, darling, darling, my blessed joy, do not forget me; thou art my life, all there is for me, my good Santuzza.

"I could not longer live without thee. Forgive me if I have offended thee in any way, blessed little bird. Here all is as if thou wert to arrive at any moment. I seek to create for myself this most beautiful allusion, ever speaking to thee, vainly expecting news from thee with every post, with a violently beating heart.

"Do not believe me bad; I love thee so much; I kiss thy dear lips, thy most entrancing little countenance, all infinite passion and tenderness. I am insane to hear once more thy dear, enchanting voice."

There were eleven letters of this kind in the same issue of the Ora, about an average number for a Palermo paper. Such letters are found in all Italian papers, but they grow shorter and shorter as one travels north until in Milan one line in the "agony column" suffices to express the lover's anguish.

A style which seems theatrical to an American seems perfectly natural to an Italian. He will write exactly this sort of love letter in private. Some of the published letters of Napoleon to Josephine in their early married life are in the same strain.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

HE TOOK THE CAKE.

A Story of William Black, the Novelist, and Mary Anderson.

One time when Mary Anderson was playing in "The Winter's Tale," in Dublin, William Black, the novelist, who was very intimate with Miss Anderson and her family, insisted upon assuming the part of one of the supers who was dressed as a very old man, with a venerable beard and locks that fell upon his shoulders. When Black went upon the stage in this disguise he walked about among his fellow supers with unceasing restlessness and, judging by the wild motions of his arms, seemed to be addressing to each in turn an impassioned harangue. The audience began to wonder who the new actor was and what on earth he was doing in a play in which neither Shakespeare nor the stage managers ever intended him to appear.

Presently came the time when it was the business of Perdita to distribute flowers among the peasants, among whom Black had his place. Miss Anderson, carrying on the practical jokes of the family circle, had prepared a surprise for this moment and, having distributed flowers among the less favored supers, she handed to Black a large cake crowned with a wreath of laurel, saying as she did so, "You take it," in allusion to his triumphs in the contest of wits at the supper table.

To her consternation, Black showed that he was quite prepared to carry out the jest, for, taking the cake from the hands of Perdita, he immediately distributed it in substantial portions to his hungry fellow supers, who, finding it to be of excellent quality, began to munch it greedily under the eyes of the house.—Exchange.

Elephants' Love For Finery.

Strange as it may seem, the elephant is passionately fond of finery and delights to see himself decked out with gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them.—Pearson's Weekly.

Force of Habit.

"I understand that all star cast was rather languid."

"Yes; they played poorly for stars. Even the life they put into the mob scene was accidental and came about merely through each of them trying to grab the center of the stage."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Trouble Makers.

"What men think," remarked the knowing woman, "causes fully one-third of all the trouble in the world."

"Yes," rejoined the mere man, "and what women say causes the other two-thirds."—Chicago News.

Poor Consolation.

Mrs. Benham—You have torn my train! Benham—That's all right. Your train is long enough to be in two sections.—Judge.

HIS TAPESTRIES.

The Gems the Collector Bought and Showed to the Expert.

That the collector falls into a trap occasionally is shown by an episode which we recall. An enthusiastic purchaser of old tapestries was once offered in Paris a masterpiece executed on a large scale and horizontal in large figure. Consulting an expert, he was urged to buy, but the sum demanded seemed to him at the moment a good deal to invest in a tapestry, and he let the opportunity pass.

A year or so later he met his friend the expert aforesaid, and asked him to come to his house to look at two tapestries he had just secured. "They are smaller," he said, "than the one you advised me to buy and which, to tell the truth, I have always regretted, and I paid twice as much for them as I was asked to pay for that glorious piece, but while it seemed a fearful lot of money to spend I simply couldn't resist the chance."

The specialist in tapestries walked into the gallery of the proud collector and gazed upon his prizes. He gazed for a time in silence and then had to be very guarded in his speech of congratulation. He was looking at the original tapestry, which his friend could have had for half the money, now neatly cut in two and supplied with borders. He never revealed to the victim of this ingenious little game what precisely had happened.—New York Tribune.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

The Fattening Process of a Marriageable Girl In Tunis.

The marriageable girl in Tunis has a trying ordeal to go through after her betrothal to the man not of her choice, but whose choice she is. She has to be fattened to the required size before the ceremony can take place.

As soon as the betrothal takes place she is taken to a room and there cooped up till the fattening process is concluded. Silver shackles are fastened round her wrists and ankles, and the task of her parents and future husband is to increase her bulk till her wrists and ankles fill up the shackles. If the husband is a widower or has "discharged" his first wife the girl has the shackles of the first spouse placed on her, and she must fill them out.

It takes a long time to do this as a rule, and sometimes it cannot be accomplished in [illegible]. It is then [illegible] the future husband to carry off the bride [illegible] condition. In the case of a [illegible] to see [illegible] are [illegible]

[illegible] has moved into the empty house across the way, Mrs. Mangle."

"Yes, I saw."

"Did you notice the furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two loads, and I wouldn't give a sovereign a load for it. Carpets? I wouldn't put 'em down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with 'em. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are."

"I know 'em."

"Do you? Well, I declare! Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister, and the father is the superintendent of the Sunday school."

"Oh—ah—um! Do you think it's going to rain?"

The First Tooth Festival.

Among the Syrians there is no such thing as giving a party in celebration of the first anniversary of the birth of a child. The celebration is held when the baby cuts its first tooth. On such an occasion friends of the parents are not invited to the house to eat cakes and listen to a phonograph, but whatever sweets may be prepared for the occasion are sent by the parents to the homes of the friends whom they wish to inform of the news. The friends later visit the parents and tender their congratulations. The dishes in which the sanainieh is carried to neighbors and friends are not returned immediately. Sometimes it is a week or even two before they are back in their customary places in the family cupboard. When they are returned they are not empty.

Particular.

"Waiter, bring me a finger bowl!"

"There's your finger bowl, sir."

"But that's only one."

"And do you want two, sir?"

"Certainly I want two. You don't suppose I'm going to wash my left hand in the bowl I just washed my right hand in, do you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

As Ever.

"When Cholly Van Rox proposed to me he was too rattled to say a word."

"Then how did you know he was proposing?"

"Oh, my dear, his money did all the talking!"—Cleveland Leader.

Fooled.

"Do man dat t'inks nobody can't fool him," said Uncle Eben, "stahts in by foolin' hi'se'f right there."—Washington Star.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—Shakespeare.

A STRANGE PLANT.

The Drinking Orchid and Its Fruitless Search For Water.

"The strangest orchids I ever saw," said a naturalist, "live on the edge of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata—'live,' I say, for surely no animal is more alive than they; and among them I first realized the pathos of a plant's immobility, the cruelty of its roots that bind it forever to one spot.

"These orchids had each at the center or axis a long stem a half inch wide and a quarter inch thick. They grew on dead limbs overhanging the lagoon, and now and then, when in need of water they uncoiled their axial stems, lowered them three or four feet to the stream and when enough water had been drunk coiled the stems up again as a tape measure coils up on its spool.

"A strange sight that still and tropical afternoon—a silent, sun drenched lagoon, a scarlet blaze of orchids and here and there those slim, supple tubes descending to drink, satisfying themselves, then coiling up again.

"But what impressed me most was a mass of faded orchids that continually and restlessly let down their tubes in vain, for the stream had fallen, and hence the tubes descended upon dry ground. It was pitiful. The orchids were dying, but with what strength was left to them they lowered and drew up their tubes. They felt feverishly and weakly for the water that wasn't there.

"A sad sight—a sight that brought home the pathos of the immobility of plants!"—Exchange.

BLAKE'S VISIONS.

The Curious Hallucinations of the Poet-Painter.

William Blake, the contemporary of Charles Lamb, was a man of visions. Blake dined with prophets and held converse with archangels. A friend of Blake called on the poet-painter "and found him sitting, pencil in hand, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious of having a fastidious sitter. He looked and drew and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. 'Disturb me not,' said Blake in a whisper, 'I have some one sitting to me.' 'Sitting to you?' exclaimed the astonished visitor. 'Where is he? I see no one.' 'But I see him,' answered Blake haughtily. 'There he is. His name is Lot. You may read of him in the Scriptures. He is sitting for his portrait.'"

Blake's hallucinations, however, rarely took a malignant form. One of his most beautiful visitors was of a fairy funeral. "I was walking alone in my garden," he said. "There was a great stillness among the branches and flowers and more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound and knew not whence it came.

"At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy's funeral."—Chicago News.

The Manchus.

The name "Manchuria" to designate the country of the Manchus is not known to the Chinese, but was invented by French geographers. The Manchus are a tribe of Tartars who gained the ascendency in China in the seventeenth century. Manchu is Chinese for "pure" and was applied by an ancestor of Shun Che, the first Manchu emperor of China, to his dynasty and his people.

The Manchus resemble the Chinese only to the eye of a stranger, just as we think that all Chinese laundrymen look alike. To themselves the Manchus are distinct from Chinamen in appearance, as in race, and one who knows eastern races easily distinguishes them. Most of them are short and good looking, with brown and ruddy skins.—New York Tribune.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a registered student at the Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle, Pa., that he will on or before the 10th day of June, 1910, file his credentials with, and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners, to be examined by the said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1910, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and the several Courts of McKean County.

HORACE B. KING.

We have received a new line of Up-to-date

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Rings.

Also a fine line of Art Brass Ware. I. A. Watch Repairing and Engraving.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers

The up-to-date Jeweler.

We compound prescriptions with absolute accuracy. We can give you the best prices because we carry complete lines. Compare our prices. Also we have everything in the stationery line. Inks and ink erasers. Soap rubbers, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store.

NOTICE TO ELECTORS.

As required by the act of 17th Feb. 1906, known as the "Uniform Primary Act," the county commissioners of McKean County pursuant to written notices filed with said county commissioners hereby give notice of the number of delegates to be elected to the state convention of each party, the names of all offices for which nominations are to be made, and candidates for party offices to be elected at the ensuing Primary to be held on the first Saturday of June next, as follows:

Delegates and Alternates to State Conventions.

Republican, 3 delegates.
Democratic, 1 delegate.
Prohibition, 6 delegates, 6 alternates.
Socialist, 1 delegate.

Names of all offices for which nominations are to be made.

One representative in Congress, 21st District.

Two representatives in the General Assembly.

Candidates for party offices to be elected.

Republican, County committeeman in each election district.

Democratic, County Committeeman in each election district.

Prohibition, County Chairman, County Treasurer and County Secretary.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Applications for Bids for Painting County Bridges.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the painting of the following bridges will be received by the Commissioners of McKean County until May 1st, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m. at which time the same shall be opened and contract awarded.

Separate bids must be given for each bridge.

The kind of paint used shall be the G. and B. structural paint.

There shall be one coat placed upon each bridge, said coat to be put on when iron is dry.

All scales and rust shall be removed from the iron, and the iron thoroughly polished with steel brushes before the paint is applied.

Bids will be received for the painting of the following bridges:

Mechanic St. bridge, Smethport borough.
Burbank's bridge over Potato Creek at Burbank's Crossing.
Turtle Point bridge over Allegany River at Turtle Point.
River bridge over Allegany River in Eldred borough.

The commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
Commissioners of McKean County.

YOUR EASTER OUTFIT.

We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—In the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

$15 - $20 - $25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at $5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth $7.50 of anybody's money.

Neckwear Beauties for Easter Wear.

Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to $1.00.

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BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
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Call at my Store and look over my stock of

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The best goods at reasonable prices.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph.G., M.D
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's Harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 2:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
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HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. I. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied, with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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Every Tuesday and Saturday

Or telephone 149 or 40f, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.

Fine line for Easter—Such as Strawberries, Cucumbers, celery, etc., we will always have reasonable truck.

Watch this Space Next Week, I Can Save you Money.

C. H. Gleason